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Current Comments

The Intelligentsia and the B.B.C.

A RATHER irrelevant contribution to the controversy regarding the B.B.C. talks was made last month by a group of authors and publishers. These distinguished persons appeared to resent an alleged veto placed on the discretion of one of the B.B.C. critics to recommend to the public a book banned by the police authorities. They accordingly wrote to *The Times*. Judging from their letter they were under the delusion that some question of freedom of speech was at issue. The governors of the B.B.C. appear also to have been under that delusion, for, faced with the alternative of creating an open scandal or governing, they had decided to run away from their difficulty by the astonishing decision to suppress the criticism of individual novels and plays. This is as if the Chancellor of the Exchequer, on hearing that a minor scandal has been brought to light in the department of Customs and Excise, relieved himself of the odium of taking disciplinary action by giving directions that no more revenue was to be collected by the department.

Why not a Little Sense ?

LEAVING the particular case of "Ulysses" on one side for the moment, the general point at issue is not whether there should be criticism or not, but whether we are to have sensible criticism of life and letters or foolish criticism. There is a school of thought which will say at once: "There is no such thing as sense; there is only what certain people think to be sense." Very well—accepting this for the moment, the point is whether what the left wing of the Labour Party consider sense in politics, what the opponents of traditional Christianity consider sense in religion, what the opponents of classicism,

however generously interpreted, consider sense in literature is to be talked, to the virtual exclusion of what an overwhelming majority in this country consider to be sense in these matters.

The Conditions of Social Cohesion.

THE activities of the B.B.C. may not appear on the surface to be of critical importance. But our attitude to them will be determined by, and will determine in its turn, our attitude to the most fundamental questions of modern politics: to the question of education, to the question of State morality, and to the title deeds of western civilization in the world order. If the modern state, not content with abdicating its essential function of supporting the basic institutions and beliefs on which society rests, takes on itself to provide against the wishes of the majority of its citizens a platform from which these institutions and beliefs can be consistently derided and attacked, it is signing its own death warrant. No one is better aware of this than the disciples of the left who, following the example of their mentors, are engaged in commandeering to their own purpose the educational machine, and, on the strength of their qualifications as professors of this and that, are spreading their influence even through the nominally hostile columns of the millionaire press. Traditional beliefs have nothing to fear from free discussion among adults, but they have everything to fear in the present age of mass-suggestion from a continued stream of hostile propaganda.

A Lesson from Spain.

AS in all revolutions, the bourgeoisie who are conducting this propaganda are the dupes of their own vanity. Unfortunately it is equally true that the members of the Right are the victims of their own ignorance. The premisses on which the elaborate structure of liberal humanitarianism was based have no validity to-day. Their defenders stand just where "Soapy Sam" stood in

the controversy with Huxley. Such doctrines as that law is an expression of numbers, morality a statistical average, and mankind the incarnation of an immanent god have no earthly significance for the mind of to-day. The only living issue in world politics to-day is between the Christian social organization and economic materialism, between a society based under God on the dignity and responsibility of the individual, with the family as its basic unit, and a society which places the State above the family and equality above liberty and which, because it denies God, does not hesitate to degrade man to the level of machine. This vile society can assume most easily the form of communism, but can also be grafted into a framework of State Capitalism, with no great loss of efficiency. If, which God forbid, we ever get such a society in England, the advocates of free speech and the right to self expression will be the first to suffer—as they are finding in Spain to-day.

" Ulysses " and the State.

A WORD is needed on the specific issue of Mr. James Joyce's " Ulysses." It is right that educated people should be able to study this work, but it is an intolerable extension of this right that they should claim the right to recommend this work *urbi et orbi* at the taxpayers expense from our only national platform. The work is blasphemous and obscene, and no Christian society can give official encouragement to blasphemy and obscenity if it is to survive. The State does not make adultery a criminal offence, but a State which recommended adultery in its schools and allowed responsible people to recommend this practice over the wireless would dissolve in a generation. The plain fact is that these people who propagand on behalf of James Joyce's " Ulysses " do not believe in the Christians' God or in Christian morality and they welcome any influence which tends to shake the hold of traditional beliefs on the ordinary citizen. This has nothing to do with freedom of speech. No one is

allowed to monopolize the ether with incitements to mutiny or sing the praise of sexual perversion in the daily press. Societies live by faith. They must maintain and defend their principles. Christian society, like Communist society, must have the courage of its beliefs or die. By all means let our enemies attack us, but do not let us pretend that when they do so they are promoting religion or morality.

Debts and Democracy.

THE action of the United States in the matter of war debts was anticipated by all well-informed people. The attitude of the Middle West was, as expected, decisive. The French and German attitude is, however, unnecessarily rigid. Whatever the truth about Germany's capacity to pay, it is obvious that she can pay something. Whatever the truth about France's rights, it is obvious that she cannot hope (and it is known that she does not expect) to exercise a permanent lien on the German nation. It is a peculiar feature of the present day that those politicians and editors who are most assured that democracy is the divinely intended instrument for building a new Utopia, invariably expect politicians of other countries to do just what could be done quite easily under an autocracy, but what is impossible in a democracy. It is obvious that neither the French nor the American administrations, faced with an impending election, can release their creditors unconditionally from their obligations. It is equally obvious that the German government, which our "progressive" editors so rightly respect, would fall from office within twenty-four hours of making any unconditional acceptance of further liability.

An Inept Press.

THIS lack of realism in the English press is a serious factor in the world situation to-day, not because the press to-day guides, but because it reflects, the opinion in our governing classes. Our political leaders do not know Europe. They are not merely uninformed, but, as a

result of their continual sojourn in cosmopolitan Continental hotels, they are actually misinformed. They talk, for instance, habitually as if the Polish frontier could be altered to suit the electoral conveniences of Western politicians, whereas, rightly or wrongly, it will never be altered to the satisfaction of Germany without a European war. They talk as if the French government had only to cancel reparations to create a new era of prosperity in Europe: actually such a step taken to-day would mean a revolution in France, which in turn would mean a war. Naturally, as Englishmen, we deplore these facts. It would be very nice indeed if we could arrange the affairs of Europe to suit our convenience. As things are, we are merely butting our heads against a brick wall and bringing our prestige on the Continent lower than it has been since the days of Charles I, and without the excuse. Charles I was fighting the landed classes. To-day all classes are behind the National government.

The Gold Fanatics Again.

THE most unfortunate result of the deadlock is that it has given a new lease of life to those who attribute the world crisis to the non-cancellation of debts and reparations. The argument, of course, runs that these vast transfers have led to the accumulation of gold in France and in the United States, and that to this is to be attributed the world economic delirium. Sir Henry Strakosch, in the *Economist* of January 9th, goes so far to include in a long article an elaborate graph to show that the continuous fall in price *indices* which set in in the middle of 1929, went on *pari passu* with the steady increase in the French and American gold reserves which began about the same time. It is surely, however, clear enough that this does not indicate that the one event is the cause of the other. Still less does it prove which event is the cause and which the effect. All that this graph shows is that two events have happened at the

same time, and if we assume a connection between them, we are only justified in inferring *either* that A led to B, *or* that B led to A, *or* that X produced A *and* B.

A Word with the "Economist."

SIR Henry Strakosch goes on to argue that adverse trade balances were liquidated before the war by loans from the creditor to the debtor countries. "There is no conceivable reason," he continues, "why it should be different to-day. . . . One is thus driven to the conclusion that gold movements of this magnitude and persistence which have characterized these last three years. . . . arise from exceptional causes, and that these causes must be looked for in the reparation and war debt payments." The answer to this astonishing argument is that there is *every* conceivable reason why, in the world of to-day, creditor nations should not lend to debtors. What wise or prudent man is anxious to lend to-day to Spain, Russia, Poland, Germany, Australia, India, Egypt, China, Mexico, Brazil, Chile or Peru; and no trustee, however wide his powers, would be greatly attracted by the ordinary industrial securities even of England or Japan. We must remember that in ordinary pre-war commerce, adverse balances were not liquidated by loans to governments but by loans to productive enterprises. Half the railways of South America were built out of loans from European creditor countries. Only one of the new debtor countries has proved, even temporarily, an attractive market for development loans since the war, and that country is Germany, who cannot now pay the interest on the loans. Her example has not proved encouraging.

Some Figures and Facts.

SIR Henry Strakosch himself gives figures which bear out very strongly our thesis of the disconnection between war debts, etc., and the maldistribution of gold. During the period 1925–1928 France and the United States received $1,364 millions in interest and reparations

and their joint gold reserves increased by $200 millions only. During the period 1929–June 1931, the receipts amounted to $898 millions only, but the increase in gold reserves to $1,805 millions, viz., to more than double the total of war debts and reparations payments during the period. No doubt this drain of gold, clearly not due exclusively, and on the most commonsense analysis not due at all substantially, to debts and reparations, had a disastrous repercussion on an already grave situation. But what caused the drain? The drain was caused, in our view, by the economic breakdown of Western Europe and the political breakdown of Asia, and the slump in commodity prices which began when the gold drain began was the twin result of a common cause, and neither the cause nor the effect of the gold drain.

A Job for the Private Member.

ALL this makes it imperative that private members in the House of Commons should be on their guard lest the essentials of economic reconstruction are lost under a cloud of words about war debts and reparations. These twin curses have lain heavy on Europe, but the burden they have imposed is very different from what is usually imagined. For the real trouble is that war debts and reparations have been the guardian angels of the post-war politicians. So used have they got to pleading these diabolical twins as the cause of all their troubles that when the Hoover plan was launched and was followed immediately by the collapse of Germany, the argument was seriously put forward that if France had accepted the plan a fortnight earlier, Germany would suddenly have become solvent! Was there ever such nonsense? Germany is insolvent because, in the first place, she destroyed the capital of her nationals; because in the second place she endeavoured to carry on her day-to-day commercial and industrial finance by borrowing short at a relatively low rate of interest, and lending at extravagant rates which neither her industry nor her agriculture could

support; because in the third place she wasted a large proportion of her loans from abroad on non-productive assets; and because in the fourth place she is living under the threat of armed revolution.

Our Own Crisis and the Reparations Bogey.

THE causes of our own economic breakdown have even less to do with war debts and reparations, and the claim that the cancellation of these would so revive the trade of Europe as to revive our export trade and rehabilitate the £ is mere fantasy. Every year since the war we have been losing a bit more of our pre-war share in the export trade of the world. The causes are not so different as might be expected from those operating in Germany. By pursuing a banker's policy instead of an industrialist's policy we have restricted credit, kept money rates high, and failed to convert our debt. The short era of cheap money came too late to remedy a situation fatally prejudiced by wild political commitments and dominated by the bankruptcy of our basic industries. As far as this country is concerned the essential conditions of recovery are simple to define, however difficult it may and will be to fulfil them. The conditions are that the permanent obligations of the nation expressed in the total of its annual expenditure in sterling (whether out of rates or taxes makes no matter) must be brought into proper relation with the sterling price level. At the present level of sterling prices the nation cannot allow its central and local governments to impose on its industries a burden of over £1,000 millions a year.

Democracy and its Fruits.

WE must clearly dismiss from our minds any hope of an early rise in gold prices. According to their own spokesmen neither in France, Germany nor America is there any hope of serious negotiations about anything until after their respective elections. This terrible condemnation of parliamentary democracy by its paid

servants, for such precisely are the Ministers of their countries, has provoked no comment here. It is taken for granted that Ministers cannot tell the truth to the electors, but must wait for the truth to be made plain (as it was in this country) by the march of events. It cannot be too plainly stated that the world, so long as it is the victim of such a system of government, can never recover. Events will soon begin to march at such a pace that there will be no hope of overtaking them. It has already proved so in the matter of the £1 sterling in this country, and when the country discovers, as it will, that the insane policies of socialistic governments have permanently depreciated the value of our currency in terms of the food and raw materials which are our life blood, the country, like the proverbial jury, will know what to think.

The Need for Loyalty.

AN attempt may be made in the forthcoming session to occupy a large part of the time of the House of Commons in the consideration of departmental measures such as the (highly controversial) Children's Bill, and Town and Country Planning Bill. We sincerely hope that the attempt will be defeated by a resolute demand from the Conservative party for forceful action on the matters on which the country expects action. These are, on the restoration of the sterling price level, the reduction of the burden of rates and taxes, and the restoration of agriculture and the basic industries. If the Conservative state is to survive, it can only be by resolute action based on a constructive policy guaranteed for a period of years. If the Government produce such a policy it will be supported. If they fail to do so, their tenure of office will be as brief as it will be inglorious. There must be no further question of "loyalty" to the party leaders. The crisis demands that our loyalty shall be unswerving, but it is due from us to the Crown, as the representative of the people, not to the politicians as representatives of the party caucuses.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

Capitalism and Communism—The Hellish Twins

By Hilaire Belloc

THE world in which we live, the ruin of what used to be Christendom, is overshadowed by two mighty evils, the one in maturity or about to pass, the other adolescent and increasing in strength. The first is called Industrial Capitalism, the second is called Communism.

I do not propose here to suggest a remedy, nor even a defence against these plagues, but only to remark their appearance and attempt to make clear their nature. No remedy can be approached for any disease until its nature is known.

It is at the outset to be remarked that these two monstrosities (the contrast between which and the conflict between which most occupy contemporary attention) proceed from the same spiritual root and are nourished upon the same philosophy, produce therefore what are in the main similar fruits and take for granted what is fundamentally a similar structure of society. Communism is a product of Capitalism, and though it is put forward as a remedy for the disease of Capitalism, yet it breathes the same air, for it is of the same parentage. The twins are of one mother; and that mother is the spirit which despises the divine in man, lets loose greed and envy to the enslavement of man, subjects man to material things, is hostile, therefore, to beauty as to humour and to humility most of all.

It is often so with evil things in apparently violent contrast and even conflict, when of two such things the latter is put forward as a remedy for the problems raised by the former. It is so, for instance, with Alcoholism and Prohibition. The violent inhumanity of the first directly created the corresponding inhumanity in the second. In each there is a regarding of wine as a dreadful drug rather than a recognition of it as a human good.

Let us define our terms :—

The term " Capitalism," or more fully " Industrial Capitalism," is the more difficult of the two to define because it has arisen gradually out of a very different state of things and still carries about it the fossil remnants of an earlier and healthier state, and also because, like the word " gentleman " and a hundred others, it has come to be used with the greatest looseness and ambiguity.

Capitalism may be defined as a state of society in which human industry, the human effort to create wealth, that is, to transform natural environment from a condition where it is less to a condition where it is more serviceable to human needs, is organized for the profit of a few who have the mass of their nominally free fellow-citizens at their mercy. At the same time, it is organized with the object of giving the fullest license to acquisitiveness and thus rendering conditions unstable for all.

Its essence does not consist in the use of machinery. Its essence does not depend upon rapidity or universality of communication nor upon the type of product aimed at. Our race has had in the past exactly the same essential organization of economic society though dealing with purely agricultural produce grown under the most primitive forms of cultivation. No; the characteristic of Capitalism lies in this, that it is a system of production where a few citizens control the means of production and distribution, not for beauty or usefulness, but for their own advantage and are so the masters of a vastly more numerous mass of citizens who are exploited and progressively deprived of freedom.

When freedom has wholly disappeared, Capitalism is transformed into another form of society: either a form in which citizens have become public slaves serving one political power, or have become private slaves, the property of the individual few who own them.

The first of these results is called Communism: the second is best called " The Servile State."

Capitalism as it advances to maturity cuts off one area of free choice after another from the average individual in the State, and the further the process has advanced the more Capitalist has society become; until the last stage is reached, when no freedom or dignity survives, and Capitalism is transmuted into naked servitude, public or private, as the basis of the State.

Capitalism being thus informed by the necessity of killing choice in man, of imposing on him another's will, cannot but destroy his diversity. It is marked always by an increasing standardization and deadness, a loss of multiplicity—which is life—and a persistent effort to eliminate all those elements in social activity which lessen the power of the few controllers, or foster separate, multiform private actions and selections. Hence is it the death of well-divided ownership with its accompaniment of the humanities.

Capitalism does not mean the use of Capital: if it meant that, every form of production whatsoever would be Capitalism. It does not mean the right of individuals to control the means of production; if it meant that Capitalism would be identical with economic freedom, instead of being what it is, the prime enemy of economic freedom. It does not mean a differentiation between citizens, so that some have less and some more of the produce; if Capitalism meant that it would apply to every human society that ever has been. It does not even mean a state of society in which the minority possess or control the means of production and the majority do not, for where a very large minority have control divided among them there is a spirit of economic freedom abroad quite opposite to the spirit of Capitalism. It is when the proportion between the minority and the majority becomes outrageous, when the degree of economic freedom—that is, of personal choice in action left to individual citizens—becomes inhumanly small, that Capitalism proper has come into being.

Communism is, as I have said, much easier to define

and its definition leaves far less play for the foolish, the dishonest, and the confused to juggle with questions of degree.

Capitalism can be half defended by foolish, dishonest or confused minds for possessing the very virtues to which it is deadly. But with Communism it is another matter. You can only defend it for what it is.

Communism is a proposal, of elementary simplicity, that production shall be organized by one authority only, which authority shall distribute the products at will.

The essence of Communism is not equality, still less has it any relation to the political conception called "Democracy." Its essence is production by all men acting in subservience to one will, which is their despotic master. Whether that will be the will of a clique or of selected officials or of a despot is all one, so that there be no separate, conflicting or competing control. Under Communism you are compelled, whoever you are, to do that work which is appointed for you. The product of your labour escapes you completely, it is given to whomsoever the master wills and in whatsoever portions he wills. This slave production does not primarily aim at usefulness, still less at beauty, but at enforcing the power of the central Master.

Two forces are at work which increase the appeal and advance the arrival of Communism in a society already organized, and suffering, under Capitalism. These two forces are the protest of justice and the protest of necessity.

The human race cannot be divorced from justice, however warped in application; and, under Industrial Capitalism, there proceeds increasingly as it develops the insistent force of the question, "By what right?"

Before Capitalism was developed, when it was still in embryo, when the controllers of production were very numerous and the remaining area of economic liberty very large, the answer to the question, "By what right?" was given in the single term "Property."

There is an instinct in man which only pedants contest, by which he recognizes the dominion of himself and others over material objects. It is a normal attitude of man's soul, which has stamped itself upon every language and upon every institution and which leaves the normal man in the presence of theft, fraud, or wanton destruction, as he is left in the presence of falsehood or murder. His moral nature refuses to deny the rights of property; and however much academic fools, remote from experience and nourished on print, argue in abstract terms against it, the strength of nature is always too much for them.

It was upon this fundamental instinct for property, indeed, that Capitalism itself arose, although Capitalism soon proved itself a poison which killed private property and reduced it from a general healthy institution spread throughout the State to the precarious condition in which its remnants now struggle to survive. Yet, at every step in the advance of Capitalism, it was the appeal to the human conscience in the matter of property which was Capitalism's sure ally. On that is based the sanctity of contract and, therefore, those contracts which, by merging small property in large, gradually destroy the sense of property in men; on that is based the *moral* defence of all that organization whereby to-day centralized Capitalism enjoys *armed* defence. It is by an appeal to the rights of property—the condition of human dignity and freedom—that Capitalism pretends to a moral basis, although it is the murderer of property.

Clearly this ancient answer to the question "By what right?", namely, the answer "Because it is mine, and if you take it you are dishonoured," applies less and less with every passing year to the Capitalist world. Capitalism has killed its own main moral foundation. No one seriously regards the multi-millionaire who has risen by speculation, the shareshuffler who has risen to millions by fraud, the monopolist merger which has turned a thousand independent men into hired servants,

as enjoying the sacred right of ownership. The myriads who are compelled to work for the advantage of a few chance successive masters have no human tie binding them to these. They will envy the vulgarian his luck, or they will be stolidly indifferent in the conviction that nothing can improve their lot; but they feel no moral respect for possession as it is enjoyed in turn to-day by such men as typify Capitalist control.

Now Communism meets this question, "By what right?" with a clear answer. "The Capitalist controllers have no right," it says. "The only right to the enjoyment of produce lies with the human being who creates that produce, and since the individual cannot produce it alone but only under the conditions of society, therefore is the community the only real producer—and therefore the community only has the right to enjoy the produce."

So far the open answer of Communism. But it is silent on the inevitable corollary. The "Community" cannot control: if the community is to act as one unit it must be in the hands of one or a few.

This metaphorical and usual talk of the "Community" means, in the ideal world and in practice, that only the person who arrogates to himself, or is by custom entrusted with, or has captured, the power to speak in the name of the community—an individual despot or the member of a despotic clique—can decide what wealth shall be enjoyed and by whom; and, as he only can provide livelihood, he is the absolute master.

The postulate herein contained that, "The individual can only produce wealth as part of the community" is, of course, the basis of the second great driving force, which is making for the triumph of Communism, the argument from necessity.

Every one must admit that no individual producer creates wealth without the aid of society. If there were no sense of property in man every one would be a Communist in morals. Though half a dozen small

farming families each cultivate its little plot and live wholly upon the profits thereof, yet even there the maintenance of boundaries, protection against depredation and the settlement of disputes must be a communal affair; and, in practice, there is no society—however simple—wherein the communal factor in the production of wealth is not apparent. Nevertheless, man does not allow it to destroy in him the sense of private property. He subordinates, under normal conditions, the communal claim to the consequences of ownership. For his every instinct tells him that, lacking ownership, he lacks choice and personality and therefore all that makes life worth having for him.

But under abnormal conditions, such as Capitalism has produced, the plea of necessity is very strong. The leader of the Belgian Socialist party has put it very simply (for like most Socialists he has a simple mind), "Since monopoly," he said, "is nowadays inevitable, at least let the monopoly, in justice or even for mere purposes of efficiency, be vested in the community."

Capitalist production has ended in a state of society where the Communist plea, from necessity, is urged upon every side. To this urgency many modern discoveries in physical science have added. We get light, food, information, most daily transport, furniture, not at our own choice or by instruments under our control, but from centres over which we have no power and which centres are in the hands of a small number, the true masters of us all.

In all such communal services the necessity of communal control is obvious. But communal control can be urged as a necessity by the Communist in many other fields, if there be granted to him—as there necessarily is by a Capitalist society—certain postulates.

For example, under Capitalism the units of production and distribution, already very large and few, tend to get larger and still larger and fewer. Allow uncontrolled competition, allow private greed as the main motive of life, destroy the old corporate safeguards

of well-ordered property, and the larger enterprise will always eat up the smaller.

Almost any human activity will produce more wealth at a cost of less consumption of wealth when it is centrally controlled and administrated than when it is controlled from diverse centres. Nothing can be more individual than dairy farming, yet one of the stock examples of Capitalist (and therefore Communist) efficiency is a milk monopoly which controls the buying up and distribution of nearly all our milk in England to-day, for the larger organization can under-sell and destroy the small distributor. If you leave Capitalism free play the obvious and rapidly attained end of the milk industry in this country would be its complete control by one company—that is, by one tiny group of human beings against whose methods of delivery, selection, and the rest the hundreds of thousands of other human beings affected by their masters' arbitrary orders have no power of protest whatsoever.

A great central organization controlling the public vehicles of a big city can, if competition be allowed free play, eat up all the lesser units until its monopoly is established. The one individual, or the tiny group, which controls the monopolist company, can then impose upon the millions who use the public vehicles what conditions of discomfort and tribute they choose.

In other words, Capitalism having produced uniform monopolistic control in more and more, and larger and larger, departments of our lives, the Communist can plead with regard to a greater and greater proportion of our activities this plea of necessity.

"You, the private citizen, have lost your freedom anyhow, as far as public transport is concerned" (and lighting, and food, and drink, and information and pretty well everything.) "You suffer your gross inconveniences, your agonizing lack of security, and the exasperating sense of dependence, all for the advantage of a few rich men who exploit you. Communal ownership

and Communal organization of work would end all that. You would still be under a monopoly, but under a monopoly which would have no motive in exploiting you and which would render you secure against a sudden loss of livelihood through the vagaries of the Capitalist machine."

This argument applies, of course, to a hundred other evils of social life under Capitalism; to the waste and vulgarity of advertisement, to the succession of boom and slump, to the barbaric chaos under which a man is well fed to-day and starving to-morrow, with no idea who —if anyone—may be responsible for the change or how it could have been prevented.

The logical and even the moral position of Communism therefore is very strong, as opposed to Capitalism; and of the two Communism is necessarily the advancing force. It has the greater appeal because it has not been as yet widely experienced. The vileness of Capitalism is by this time widely known. The converse sufferings of men under Communism are as yet for the most part hearsay.

It behoves us to distinguish between those abominations which are common to both systems and those which are peculiar to Communism.

Capitalism and Communism which it has engendered, have both that contempt for human dignity and therefore for individual freedom which we have quoted as the chief mark of the twins. Either system, Capitalism, which led the way, or Communism, which is its consequence, aims at the subjection of humanity to simple forms imposed upon the individual in spite of his will, and, as a consequence of this, tends to destroy beauty; for beauty is not to be arrived at by a command but rather by a delicate appreciation proceeding from the individual soul. It is since the beginnings of Capitalism that beauty has decayed, particularly in architecture, the fundamental and enduring social art which makes up our permanent environment.

But between the imperfect system called Capitalism

and its perfected result in Communism there is this difference of degree, that under Capitalism many noble buildings have continued the tradition of better times whereas, so far as can be judged from present results, and from the first experimental Communistic attempts, everything under Communism, and particularly architecture, is obscenely ugly and revolting; and this, as it would seem, of set purpose.

In general, Communism and Capitalism have in common those fruits which proceed from the common root of both, which is a greedy contempt for the Divine in man, a greedy appetite for what this world can give, as though there were no other, and all this greed informed by that false scale of values which, even in temporal affairs, puts first the basest things. There is the obvious difference between the twins, that Capitalism is the result of letting individuals scramble among themselves under the mere spur of blind greed, while Communism aims at revenge against those who have thus outraged human equality and at eliminating the hideous chaos in which we live. But both have for their sustenance a denial of the image of God in man, both show that denial in their fruits.

But though the two plagues have a common spirit, the earlier original one and the later, its development, there are about Communism features so much worse even than those which degrade Capitalism that when, or if, Communism should be established for its short reign, our present life under Capitalism would seem, by comparison, a sort of Paradise.

This is because under Capitalism much does survive of that by which the soul of man has lived in better times and by which alone it can live in fullness. Capitalism, being of its nature imperfect, cannot but allow exceptions to itself. Even the most highly industrialized modern societies have much in them of older and better things.

The simulacrum of political freedom expressed in the farce of voting may be neglected; but there is much real

freedom remaining all the same. The short hours of leisure which the wage-slave enjoys can be used in some degree, sometimes a large degree, at his own choice and for his own ends. Men are not only nominally free under Capitalism but in exceptions and by patches are actually free. Great numbers are struggling to maintain economic independence as farmers, as small shopkeepers, even as craftsmen. Spiritual independence is suppressed under Capitalism by indirect methods only, and these methods do not cover the whole mass of human life. Thus, under Capitalism to criticize the rich men who control the machine is made dangerous, especially through the corruption of the lawyers who are their servants, but it is not in theory impossible.

All these palliatives of Capitalism may be summed up in the expression that Capitalism is ashamed of itself. It is a vice into which Christendom has fallen and a recent vice. Even its ephemeral beneficiaries remember, not without regret, the state of affairs before it grew up. Its worst modern form is not a lifetime old. Its emergence in force is not three generations old. Three hundred years ago it was hardly a threat (though the seeds, of course, were sown earlier in the disruption of Christendom, which began four hundred years ago, and Calvin was the greatest of the sowers).

You will hardly ever read a naked apology for Capitalism; nearly every such apology is halting and modified. All allusion to it is deprecatory. Capitalism, in a word, is Christendom fallen very sick and knowing that it is so.

But Communism boldly affirms its attachment to all the evils of Capitalism except the evil of insecurity—and even that it does not guarantee one against in fact, for it claims the right to deal with the individual at will, to starve or kill him if it feels inclined. All the other monstrous ills of Capitalism—the war on personality, that is on freedom, that is on human dignity, and therefore on humour, on affection, on beauty and on all

that comes from choice—Capitalism, at least, pretends not to wage. But Communism wages that war openly. When we call the mass of citizens under Capitalism, "Wage Slaves," Capitalism protests against the exaggeration of the term; but Communism glories in making all its subjects slaves, with the security (when it chooses) and the dullness and the uniformity of slaves, and the bestial degradation of slaves.

Capitalism has arisen through a revolt against the moral law and an ignorance of God's justice, as well as that scornful denial of God's image in man which we have seen to be at its root; but Communism is openly anti-God and actively hostile to the Divine image persisting in our fallen race. It is no accident that Communism in practice denies God officially and wars against even the vaguest impulse of religion. The spirit which moves it is a spirit necessarily denying the Divine. It hates and would destroy all that vision, which Christians call a "revelation" has given to man; the family and the shrine; certainly the altar.

What will be the fate of this force now setting out with so much in its favour to destroy the shaken fabric of Capitalism? What will be the fate of this younger twin of the Hell-dame?

It is never possible to say with confidence that this or that will result from forces apparent upon the surface of society. One can only note the direction in which these forces move, judge their probable consequences and wonder what unknown obstacles may divert them in the future.

But, as things now stand, it would seem that Capitalism —a compromise between freedom and servitude—an evil containing in itself a poison destructive of itself—cannot endure.

Similarly it would seem that Communism will strengthen its present position, increase for a time the spiritual area of its action, and even the geographical area over which it can establish its political and social

scheme. Protestant Europe—particularly Protestant Germany—is ripe for it.

But as a personal judgment I should be inclined to guess that the domination of Communism, even where it has a hold over society by force, still more where it only has a hold as an ideal, must be short-lived. As it seems to me, the natural end of the development which Capitalism started and which Communism proposes to continue and complete is that Servile State in which the mass of men shall be openly and legally subjected to work for the benefit of masters who shall themselves enjoy security from such a system, while that system shall also procure security and sufficiency for their far more numerous slaves. Capitalism, and Communism its successor, seem to me naturally to tend towards a final and stable society of this sort: a society wherein will be differentiated free men in control on the one hand and the mass of their slaves on the other. But side by side with this social condition of the future I imagine there will exist another social condition which shall have reacted towards the old Christian ideals and shall have produced a society the citizens of which shall be free, their property well divided and guaranteed by corporations or guilds and themselves, thus sufficiently controlling the means by which they live.

If such a division comes about I take it the two systems will, whether they occupy different areas or intermix within the same area, stand side by side as opposing religions have stood in the past.

Coventry Patmore: A Son's Recollections

By Francis J. Patmore

[*Francis J. Patmore is the only surviving son of Coventry Patmore, the famous Victorian poet who wrote "The Angel in the House" and "The Unknown Eros." He has lived for many years in Kenya Colony, and although he, himself, wrote poems and reviews in his youth, it is only since the appearance of the recent edition of the* Selected Poems *of his father that he has been prevailed upon to write down these interesting reminiscences of his distinguished parent. Little is remembered of Coventry Patmore's personality to-day, and these recollections throw fresh light on one of the most remarkable of Victorian characters.*—DEREK PATMORE.]

WHEN Coventry Patmore died in 1896, I, his only child by his third marriage, was only thirteen. Nevertheless I retain some vivid memories of his later years.

My father has often been called austere. In his personal conduct he was far from being so. Silent often, harsh, perhaps, in his judgment of those he disliked; he was a loving husband, a kind father, and a good friend. Nor did he despise the ordinary joys of life. He kept a good cellar and was a judge of wine—he kept inferior vintages for his clerical guests, for he maintained priests had no palates. He often displayed a kindly, if ironical, temper. I remember crossing the Lymington river one morning with him by the ferry-boat. Barney, the old ferryman, was distinctly the worse for drink. "I am sorry to see you in such a condition," said my father. "Take this half-crown and make a good job of it."

I was born and spent the first nine years of my life at The Mansion, Hastings, which my father loved, and near which he had built a handsome church in memory of his second wife. Here he had hoped to spend the remainder

of his life; but in 1891 he unexpectedly received notice to quit. I was with him in the garden when he got the letter. He was much agitated.

"Kneel down, Piffie," he ordered, "and ask God to find us another house."

I knelt on the gravel path and prayed as I had been told. Within a week we had an offer of The Lodge, Lymington, which proved an ideal home for the poet's last years.

As all readers of the "Odes" know, Patmore loathed Gladstone and all his works, though, if my memory serves, the two had never met—or at any rate had never spoken. Of him he wrote "His leprosy's so perfect that men call him clean." "The murderer of Gordon" he would call him; and "Damn Gladstone and Home Rule" were the first words my childish lips were taught to utter.

On one occasion, a lady, pious and a Liberal in politics, endeavoured to draw out the secret thought of the mystic.

"What is your idea of heaven?" she asked. To anyone who knew his Patmore it was plain she was asking for a snub, for the poet enjoyed nothing more than administering shocks to the "unco guid."

"My idea of heaven," he replied, "is to lie on a red plush sofa, drink whisky and water, and watch Gladstone on the rack for all eternity."

On another occasion he was taking a pious lady round his garden.

"Do you know," he inquired, "why a dormouse hides its eyes with its tail?"

The lady professed ignorance.

"Because the first dormouse wandering through a garden, such as this, suddenly came on Adam and Eve without even a figleaf. Its feelings were naturally shocked, and it fears a repetition of the outrage."

The lady is reported to have said that "the poet was not at all nice."

He much enjoyed visits from literary and artistic friends, but dreaded the ordinary round of social calls.

He, with my mother and myself, used to drive round the neighbourhood in a hired fly to pay a series of duty calls. Whenever the person called upon was "not at home" the poet's delight found expression in the present of sixpence to me. On fine afternoons I sometimes did quite well!

He was a devout Catholic and an obedient son of the Church. Indeed, all his thought and philosophy were grounded on the dogmas of Catholic Theology. I think I have never met a man whose religion so pervaded—and gladdened—his entire life. But this in no wise prevented him from criticizing ruthlessly such priests as did not meet with his approval.

Manning he disliked with an intensity only second to his dislike of Gladstone. But for all his distaste for Liberal politicians, he was no Jingo. Dr. Jameson, he said angrily, should have been shot out of hand. He disliked the French, but as far back as the early 'nineties he had a presentiment of the war with Germany, and was frankly pessimistic as to the future of British democracy. "Poor Piffie," he once said to me, "you have a hard time in front of you." He was enraged at the transfer of Heligoland to the Germans.

In his last years he enjoyed the novel, and my mother and sisters were kept busy in the evenings reading aloud to him. Often his mind strayed from the story and went off on mystical journeys of its own; but in any case, reading aloud made, as he said, "a pleasant noise to think by." He did, however, undoubtedly enjoy many novels: Thomas Hardy, Kipling, Marion Crawford, Anthony Hope, I. Zangwill, W. E. Norris, and the Sherlock Holmes stories were among his favourites. He would not have appreciated some aspects of the modern novel. "Jude the Obscure," he said, was an obvious misprint for "Jude the Impure."

Thomas Hardy he knew in his later days, and I remember being taken with him to meet Hardy at lunch, I think, in the house of Edmund Gosse. A man like

Hardy could draw from Patmore his rare bursts of brilliant conversation.

During the last years of his life, my father saw much of Alice Meynell, of whose poetry and prose he was an ardent admirer. Mr. and Mrs. Meynell used often to stay at The Lodge with their children, of whom I specially remember Viola and Everard. Indeed, at the close of his life the Meynells saw more of him than any of his other friends.

In 1894 Sargent came to The Lodge to paint the portrait that now hangs in the National Portrait Gallery. He also did a smaller one—head and shoulders only—which the family preferred to the larger one, for it showed my father in his more normal reflective mood. The large portrait though, as was to be expected from the great painter, a splendid picture, depicted Patmore in one of his rare moods of righteous indignation. Sargent is said to have wanted a picture of the poet as the fierce prophet of the political Odes, and to get the necessary indignant pose, he engaged the sitter in a political argument. (Possibly he suggested that Gladstone eventually may have achieved Salvation.) My father's comment on the finished portrait was that had Sargent placed a whip in his hand, he might have been supposed to be in the act of saying, "I'll knock hell out of you, you damned nigger!" "Punch" parodied the portrait when it appeared in the Academy by the picture of a very tall and lean figure with the legend "Couldn't he pad more?"

Francis Thompson often stayed with us. At first, Patmore's admiring disciple, later his equal in the realm of mystic poetry, each found the other an ideal companion. Great poet though he was, I fear I had but a poor idea of him. A weakly little man, with untidy red hair and unkempt beard, he had a peculiar dread of dogs, and as he could not hide his terror of our retriever, Nelson, I regret to say that my only feeling for him was unmixed contempt. But as my father delighted to feed

this dog on huge quantities of raw meat till it became the terror of the district, Thompson may be excused!

Patmore had ceased writing poetry before I was born, and during my lifetime only contributed essays to the "St. James Gazette," "Pall Mall Gazette," and "Anti-Jacobin," of which his friend Frederick Greenwood, of Suez Canal shares fame, was successively the editor. Greenwood, afterwards one of my guardians, always elicited from me the greatest respect and admiration; truly a journalist and a gentleman of the old school.

During 1895, Patmore published the "*Rod, Root and Flower.*" This little book contains the essence of his thought and liking. Seeing how short it was, I asked him how long it had taken to write. "All my life" he replied.

May I here make a digression on the subject of the "Sponsa Dei" episode. The facts are these:—Patmore wrote a prose work of this name, elaborating his favourite thesis that the soul in a very particular and intimate sense, is the Bride of Christ. He showed this to Father Gerald Hopkins, S.J., who after reading it exclaimed: "That's telling tales," whereupon Patmore threw the manuscript on the fire. Recent writers have told this episode somewhat in this form—that Patmore showed the work to his confessor, that the bigoted Jesuit told him to burn it, that my father was priest-ridden enough to obey, and that a priceless book was therefore lost to the world.

Though all this happened before I was born, I believe that the following is a truer statement of the facts.

Patmore showed the MS. to Hopkins because the latter was a theologian, a poet and his friend, and so particularly well qualified to judge such a work. Now my father carried this idea of the Soul as the Bride of Christ to very extreme lengths and to say all that he wished to in prose might well have shocked the simple minded and have caused ribaldry in the unbeliever. It was to this aspect that Hopkins objected. Nor was a great work lost to the world. For I believe that all Patmore said in the lost work in prose, he repeated in

the "*Psyche*" Odes in the far more suitable medium of verse and to the enrichment of English poetry. The same theme, of course, also permeated the "Rod, Root and Flower."

During the last few years my father would each night after dinner take long walks in the country lanes grasping me in the back of the neck and leaning heavily on me meanwhile. I was thus a sort of human walking stick, and though I often reached home almost broken by fatigue, for he was heavy to support, it pleases me to know that I never let him suspect the often acute suffering he quite unwittingly caused. During these walks he would often exclaim aloud: "My God, how cold, how cold!" One hot July night, as I was sweating under his weight, I ventured to protest that he could not possibly be cold, especially as he always wore at night a heavy ulster. He said, "Oh, it is a spiritual cold, I feel." And in this internal, spiritual life, his last years were far from happy and his soul longed, I think, for death and to see his God face to face.

My father was no sportsman though he possessed a double barrelled hammer sixteen bore gun, which I used for many years after his death. However, it was soon evident that shooting was to become a passion with me. One of my first memories is that of stalking a fledgling thrush round and round the bole of an elm tree with an air gun. My father encouraged this love of sport and often took me into the garden at Hastings to fire at birds which I never saw. However, after each shot he would send me to retrieve and on each occasion I would find a dead partridge, peewit or golden plover! It was long afterwards that I realized that these birds were not normally found in a town garden and that they had found their way there via the poulterer's shop. In a like manner he would bury Roman and English coins in the garden and urge me to dig for buried treasure in a spot where he would say he felt sure a highwayman had hidden his loot.

He died on November 26, 1896, during my second term at Beaumont. I was sent for to attend the funeral. The preceding evening I shall never forget. Many of his friends had come down from town for the burial on the morrow, and were sitting round the fire in the dining-room at The Lodge. My half-brother Milnes, the Bishop of Portsmouth and the rest were discussing rare pottery as the undertakers brought the heavy coffin down the stairs (for the body, after the Catholic custom, was to lie that night in the church), bumping it from stair to stair in a horrible manner. My half-brother rang for more drinks to be brought; there was no answer and still the terrible noise went on without. Again he rang the bell angrily and at last the parlourmaid, Agnes, appeared sobbing at the door. Through the open door came the sound of the leaden coffin crashing down the last three steps. The guests unconcernedly talked on. The Bishop helped himself to a drink. A child cowering in a corner unnoticed, sobbed in terrified grief.

The Rise of German Nationalism

By William De Ropp

THE Nazi success at the Reichstag elections of 1930 was at that time regarded as a symptom of political hysteria in Germany and this opinion was by no means confined to Hitler's opponents. The fact that the magnitude of the victory came as a surprise to the Nazi leaders themselves was interpreted by many outside observers as an indication that the result of the elections reflected rather the abnormal state of excitement in the German electorate than the almost unprecedented growth of a new political faith. It became the fashion to refer to the Nazi success as the highest point of the curve on the fever chart of the ailing German political organism.

After the 1930 elections, Dr. Bruening had the choice between two alternatives. He could accept the verdict of the electorate at its face value and come to an understanding with National Socialism. At that time the Nazi leaders, somewhat bewildered by their own success, would have been willing to enter a coalition government composed of the Deutschnationale party, the Zentrum and the bourgeois parties, although even then the price demanded was high, the Ministries of War and of the Interior would have been claimed by the National Socialists and the control of the armed forces of the State, the Reichswehr and the police, would thus have passed into Nazi hands. The other alternative was to regard the success scored by Hitler as a manifestation of an abnormal state of mind in the German people, as a temporary result of the prevailing discontent with existing conditions, and to trust to the future and to better times to bring about a change of attitude among the people.

Dr. Bruening chose the latter alternative and faced the tremendous difficulties which inevitably resulted from his decision with remarkable energy and pluck. Fate

was singularly unkind to this statesman, whose courage and high ideals won the unwilling admiration even of his political opponents. In order to stem the Nazi tide it was essential that tangible successes should be gained both in foreign and domestic affairs and these successes were denied to the German Chancellor.

In March, 1931, Bruening and Curtius inaugurated the ill-fated action which was intended to lead to an Austro-German Customs Union. At a time when the German economic situation was becoming increasingly precarious and Germany was particularly vulnerable to an outside attack on her finances, the news of the contemplated Customs Union exploded like a bomb in the international political world. France immediately organized her counter-attack which led to the forced abandonment of the plan and the retirement of Dr. Curtius. The ignominious outcome of this precipitate attempt to obtain at any price a success in foreign politics had far-reaching consequences in Germany. In moderate political quarters, Bruening's prestige suffered a serious loss which the National Socialists were not slow to turn to good account.

The financial and economic crisis in Germany, reaching its culminating point in July with the collapse of the Darmstaedter und National Bank, inaugurated the system of governing by emergency decrees. Inevitable as these decrees were at a time of acute crisis it has yet to be proved whether a country can be governed on this principle for any length of time. The last—and most important— of the emergency decrees issued in December represented Dr. Bruening's last effort to save the German currency and the economic life of the nation; it was received with surprising resignation by the German population. The fateful question, however, remains unanswered whether it will be possible to reduce prices in proportion to the universal curtailment of incomes.

The internal political situation in England and Germany has developed on widely divergent lines.

Whereas in Great Britain the national crisis led to the formation of a national government and a general closing of the ranks, the German crisis led to government by emergency decrees and a further widening of the gulf between the parties of the Right and Left. Parliamentary rule has been further discredited by the practical elimination of the Reichstag, which during 1931 enjoyed an almost continuous holiday. In any event, the importance of the Reichstag as representing the people was practically destroyed by the action of the national opposition which last February left the Reichstag in a body as a protest against governmental unwillingness to accept the situation created by the September elections. This step was much criticized at the time even by members of the Deutschnationale and the National Socialist parties who contended that the delegates had been elected in order to represent the interests of their supporters in parliament and that their desertion of the parliamentary battlefield amounted to a serious dereliction of duty. It was said that the millions of voters who, although not themselves members of Hitler's party, supported the National Socialist cause would be alienated by the failure of the Nazi delegates to fight the existing regime in the Reichstag. Subsequent events proved that these misgivings were unfounded and demonstrated that the parliamentary representatives of National Socialism were right in deserting the barren field of party controversy in the Reichstag in order to concentrate on a most intensive propaganda campaign among the people.

The result of this campaign can be gauged by the following figures. On September 14, 1930, the registered members of the National Socialist party numbered 293,000, on January 1, 1932, the total membership exceeded 800,000; it is estimated in Nazi circles that the 6½ million supporters of the 1930 elections have now increased to over 15 millions. Probably this estimate is correct, at any rate, recent elections in Mecklenburg, Bremen, Oldenburg, Brunswick, Hessen,

and even in the Communist stronghold, Hamburg, appeared to indicate that it is not too high.

At whose expense have the Nazis increased their following? The chief losers are the moderate bourgeois parties, the Deutsche Volkspartei, the late Herr Stresemann's party, the Wirtschaftspartei and others. With the possible exception of the Volkspartei, these parties will become an almost negligible factor after the next elections. The intensive Nazi propaganda campaign has also been highly successful amongst the large masses of politically inert Germans who hitherto remained indifferent to politics and stubbornly refused to become identified with any political movement. Herr Hugenberg's Deutschnationalepartei is expected slightly to gain in strength and it is unlikely that many supporters of this essentially conservative group have gone over to the National Socialists. The Catholic Zentrum has so far successfully resisted Nazi propaganda. The Social Democrats, still the largest German party, have suffered fairly serious losses in the last elections chiefly due to the growing radicalism of their younger members and the opposition to the official party policy of tacit support of the Bruening government. The majority of Socialist malcontents have, however, joined the Communists and, with the exception of the recent elections in Hessen, there is no definite indication that National Socialism has been successful on a large scale in breaking into the Marxist front.

From the above, it might appear that the National Socialist party is becoming an increasingly bourgeois body; this is, however, not the case, and the majority of registered members still belong to the working class. Nationalism in Germany is by no means confined to the upper and middle classes and Hitler has been particularly successful in appealing to the nationalist feeling amongst the workers.

The practical elimination of the moderate parties which have hitherto acted as a kind of buffer state

between the Nationalists and the Marxists gives rise to anxiety. In the opinion of many observers of German internal politics a violent clash between the forces of the Right and the Left is almost unavoidable, and the Prussian elections due in May are regarded as a particularly critical moment. These apprehensions appear all the more justified as the opposing factions dispose of trained forces, unarmed it is true, but imbued with a fighting spirit which does not make it appear probable that violence will be avoided when the fate of the present government in Prussia is decided at the May elections.

The trained Nationalist forces are embodied in two great organizations, the Stahlhelm and the Nazi S.A. (Storm Detachments). The former is a non-party organization, its members are free to vote for any of the Nationalist parties, Nazi, Deutschnationale or Volkspartei. The Stahlhelm was originally non-political, and it was founded with the object of providing a trained reserve to the forces of law and order against the rising tide of Communism which, in the years immediately following the war, appeared as a serious menace. During the last few years the Stahlhelm became more and more political, and its most important action in 1931 was the inauguration of the Referendum for the dissolution of the Prussian Diet. This action, though unsuccessful, was supported by nearly 6 million Prussian voters. It is estimated that the members of the organization number more than a million, of which a large proportion are former officers and soldiers. This preponderance of the military element and a uniform hardly distinguishable from that worn by the German troops during the war, give the Stahlhelm a distinctly military aspect. Discipline is excellent, and the efficiency of the organization is subjected to a severe test by the annual general rallies at which units from every part of the country are present. The last two general meetings of the Stahlhelm took place at Coblenz and Breslau, and the choice of these towns naturally made a most unfavourable impression

in France and Poland where the concentration of large numbers of trained men in close proximity to the frontiers was viewed with anxiety.

The second great Nationalist organization, the National Socialist S.A., was political from its inception. Originally founded by Hitler for the protection of Nazi propaganda meetings against Communist attacks, its sphere of action has been greatly enlarged. During the last year the membership has increased from 100,000 to over 300,000, so that more than one-third of the registered members of the party are S.A. men. The Storm Detachments consider themselves always on active service, violent encounters with the Communists occur nearly every day and, in 1931, the S.A. lost 46 dead and 4,800 severely wounded. These figures illustrate the bitter hatred between Nationalism and Marxism in present-day Germany, and give some justification to the prevailing pessimism regarding the future.

Both the Stahlhelm and the S.A. consider it one of their primary duties to keep the military tradition in Germany alive and to combat the pacifist spirit which, as the result of a lost war, made considerable progress in all classes. The demand for greater equality in armaments is, of course, by no means confined to the Nationalists, even among Democrats and Socialists the opinion is gaining ground that the present disproportion between German armaments and those of her neighbours is intolerable.

In their views on disarmament and in the equally important Reparations question the Nationalist opposition and the present government practically agree, at least this is the impression made on a foreign observer, although most Germans would deny it. Even the most intransigent Nationalists do not believe that Germany, in her present financial situation, can undertake a competition in armaments with France and her Allies. The German demands are, therefore, concentrated on two points: Freedom to utilize the funds available for national defence to the best advantage, this implies the

abolition of existing restrictions regarding military aircraft, heavy artillery, tanks, etc., and a reduction of the military equipment and *personnel* of her neighbours which will place Germany on a more equal level with other European powers. At the Disarmament Conference it must be expected that Germany will refuse to become a party to any agreement which will not be based on the equal rights of all nations to take the measures necessary for insuring their security.

Dr. Bruening has made it perfectly clear that in his opinion Germany is not in a position to continue the payment of political debts, and that any attempt to maintain the system of Reparations will bring disaster not only on Germany but on the whole world. This view is not new and is shared by political and business quarters in many countries outside Germany. It is, however, the first time since the War that a German Chancellor has found the courage to make an unequivocal statement on Germany's inability to pay and, what is more important, to oppose the whole system of political debts. Neither Hitler nor Hugenberg could have formulated the German case more clearly and it will be difficult for the Nationalist leaders to find fault with the attitude adopted by the Chancellor.

Dr. Bruening's condemnation of the system of political debts is but one of many indications that Nationalism is growing apace even outside the ranks of the National opposition. It seems by no means improbable that Adolf Hitler, the leader of by far the most important Nationalist party, will in the near future control German affairs. The history of Fascism has shown that it is impossible to form a just opinion on a political movement before its advent to power. Will National Socialism bring internal peace to Germany and an end to the present suicidal party strife or will it, inspired by intolerance and a desire for retaliation, plunge Germany into chaos and threaten the security of Europe? This question will probably be answered before the end of the year.

Our Annual Catalogue

By W. R. Titterton

WALK up, walk up, the poet cries.
Who buys? . . .
Sunrise and dawn and dusk.
A night of stars, all eyes.
A night in June—myrhh, frankincense and musk.
Or winter-cold to stop the heart and catch the breath—
white death!
But those bright eyes still glancing,
As though the steadfast stars were dancing
On the topsy-turvy floor.
And that squint moon—She looks so calm up there.
Perhaps a star, a small one, in her hair.
Yet, all the while,
Taunting us with her flaunted secret smile,
Taking us as the ocean takes the shore.
Walk up, walk up. There's more and more and more.

* * *

Big trees like rock—broad-based, broad-branched, roofing
you over.
The long-hushed day's tremendous haste of hidden things.
The high high cry, the whirr of wings;
The startled turn and dash of deer for cover.
Green rides the sun just dapples, but the leaves, falling in
Autumn, tell us of the sun.
The untopped hill!—Over the crest . . . who knows?
The moor that tugs you on and on and on,
By pool, brown peat, and heather, and dancing rill,—
The moor that leaps exultant, and is still.
Who buys? Who buys? It's going, going, gone.

* * *

And those stark cliffs—
Foam-booted thunder-capped.
Broad beaches with their wave-sculpt hieroglyphs,
Scooped crannies with a mimic sky entrapped.

And that old Infinite whose name is Awe
And moves like sleep,
Or piles the trumpeting waters in a heap
And tosses triple-plated worlds like straw.
Who buys? Who buys? Dirt cheap!

But, best of all, those friendly winding lanes—the hedgerow prankt
With blossom for a rustic carnival.
Sweet scent and verdure of enveloping fields—
That loveliest scent the upturned hay-crop yields.
The jog-trot of a horse, the creak of wains,
The bark of dogs, light from small window-panes,
The stir of tired horses in their stall.
Walk up, walk up, the poet cries.
There's naught but thanks to pay for night and day.
Who buys? Who buys?

Modern China's Students

By J. O. P. Bland

STUDENTS all the world over are by common consent privileged to display a certain exuberance of animal spirits, to kick up the heels of youth in the green pastures of learning. When *Messieurs les étudiants s'en vont à la barrière*, it is customary, allowing for the heyday in their blood, to accept the tumult and the shouting of their proceedings as normal ebullitions of the human young. As natural and vehement critics of the order of things established in art, literature, morals and politics, as discoverers of new Utopias, they are privileged, at suitable times and places, to give vent to the fine frenzy of their dreams, and with the Man in Blue, tolerant but watchful in the background, no great harm is done. But the type of student developed by China in the process of acquiring "western learning" presents disturbing features which distinguish it from the European species; the unbridled contempt for authority displayed by the youth of China at all her modern seats of learning is something new in the history of pedagogy and a matter of concern to all who believe in popular education as the best remedy for the ills that humanity is heir to. The recent disorderly proceedings of student mobs at Shanghai and Nanking, directed with impunity against prominent members of the Chinese Government, afford (not for the first time) justification for the opinion that the educational activities of the West in China have so far proved to be a destructive rather than a stabilizing influence.

When, after her humiliating experiences in 1900, the Old Empress Dowager, desiring to conciliate the Western Powers, decided in 1904 to abolish the ancient classical examinations in favour of "western learning," many observers predicted disastrous results from the sudden uprooting of a system which throughout the centuries had proved an enduring source of national cohesion and stability. Three years after the system of classical examinations had been abolished by Imperial Edict, I had

occasion to express some of the misgivings which were already beginning to be felt. In an article published by *The Times* (February 6, 1908), I wrote :—

> "That China is awakening, and the old order passing away, is certain; whether, in passing, it leaves the awakened nation to convulsions and partition, or to the dignity of a sovereign State, its immemorial traditions and State craft enriched by wise adaptations from Western knowledge, must depend upon the nature of the education supplied and on the effect—by no means a foregone conclusion—which it produces upon the mass of the people. . . .
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> "It is impossible to ignore the mighty forces at work, the eager interest shown by the people in the new schools, the immediate effect upon native thought. It is certain that, before long, these forces must come into conflict with the policy and privileges of the Classical *literati* and conservatism, and it is therefore a matter of no small moment to humanity to ascertain whether the moving principles of the new system are likely to be constructive or destructive in their effect, whether the wine of the new learning, rapidly absorbed by Young China, will act as stimulant or intoxicant; whether, in fact, the patriotism and patience of the Chinese will enable them to follow the example of Japan.
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> "If one were to judge of the prospects in China only by the views of students, as expressed in their writings and political speeches, it would be safe to predict for the nation grave crises of unreason and unrest. . . It would seem that, in learning and professing the democratic principles of the West, the celestial mind acquires an accentuated sense of superiority, that its instinctive racial prejudices are increased, rather than diminished, by residence abroad; for it is a matter of common observation that wherever public opinion in China assumes the form of unreasonable hostility to foreigners, the movement is usually inspired and led by men who have received their education from abroad."

Already at that date there had been ominous manifestations of the intoxicating effect of the new wine, evidence to show that, released from the discipline of the Confucian philosophy of national life, and fed straightway upon the strong meat of advanced European thought, the student class was assimilating little more than discontent with the ancient faith of its own civilization, expressed in indiscriminating appreciation of western ideas of personal liberty, democracy, racial equality, etc. It

certainly showed no signs of assimilating, or even of understanding, the moral principles underlying western civilization. As early as 1905, the turbulent proceedings of the Chinese students in Tokyo and their attempts to terrorize the Chinese Minister, had revealed something of the dangers which the State was incurring by sending abroad thousands of youths released from parental authority. It was inevitable that, on their return home, these students should regard themselves and be generally regarded, as privileged exponents of the new wisdom, and that those who failed to obtain official employment, should become political agitators and conspirators against constituted authority.

Since then the audacity and impunity with which the student class has asserted its right to intervene in public affairs and to impose its opinions upon the government by acts of violence, have steadily increased. In 1919, for example, roused to wrath by the decision of the Council of Three at Versailles to recognize Japan's claim to the reversion of German rights in Shantung, the students enrolled themselves into unions throughout the country and organized parades of protest at the chief centres of education. In Peking they attacked and burned the residences of two members of the Government, denounced as traitors on account of their pro-Japanese sympathies. Again, in 1925, the Minister of Education having issued an order prohibiting any anti-Japanese demonstrations on Humiliation Day (the anniversary of Twenty-one Demands of 1915) his residence was wrecked by a mob of students; his resignation followed. The recent attacks by students upon the Foreign Minister, Mr. C. T. Wang, at Nanking, and upon the Mayor of the Chinese Municipality at Shanghai, resulted in both instances in the resignation of the terrified officials. In the latter case some 30,000 middle school pupils and 12,000 university students went on strike, to protest against the resolution of the League of Nations in regard to Manchuria and demanding an immediate declaration

of war against Japan. The significance of these demonstrations lies chiefly in the fact that on no occasion have the Chinese Government or the local officials taken steps to check them or to insist upon stricter discipline being enforced by the educational authorities. As matters now stand, the Government's decision on any question of State policy is liable to be violently challenged, and its highest officials ignominiously expelled from office, by riotous mobs of excitable college youths and school children.

The explanation of this state of affairs is to be found partly in the privileged position which the scholar has always occupied in the Chinese social system and partly in the natural timidity of the official class; to the persistence, in fact, of the traditions and tendencies engrained in the national character by the Confucian code of ethics. Student movements have been recorded in Chinese history as far back as the Han period, but the indiscipline and violence which have marked those of recent years are entirely new features. They are only to be explained by the fact that, whereas patience, perseverance and respect for authority were essential virtues, imposed upon scholars by the Confucian system, the new dispensation having abolished these, has left the younger generation without steadying force or moral guidance. The fundamental weakness of the system—or lack of it—resulting from the substitution of western learning for the Canons of the Sages is, that the average modern student in China (as in India) cannot bring his education into any direct relation with the life of his own people. As Prince Ito said of them in 1909, their intentions may be excellent, "but they have hardly any roots in the country and, therefore, as a class cannot be expected to direct and control any practical course of action." Furthermore, the growth of indiscipline and unrest in the younger generation and the hold which political agitation obtains upon the raw material of the schools and universities, are phenomena in great measure

due to widespread economic distress, and to the resultant discontent prevailing in the classes from which this raw material is drawn.

The modern Chinese student habitually manifests emotional tendencies, often verging on hysteria, which find expression in violent oratory, turbulence and tears. These and other symptoms may reasonably be ascribed to the sudden and violent uprooting of the culture which gave dignity and restraint to the profession of letters under the Confucian system. But the widespread unanimity of the anti-foreign and anti-Christian sentiments which they have displayed with increasing violence in recent years cannot be attributed to this cause. They must be ascribed to the nature of the education which the rising generation has received since 1905. The period of social disintegration which set in with the revolution of 1911 led to the practical breakdown of the ancient structure of national education; most of the professors and teachers appointed to the schools of the new dispensation, were exponents of western learning, either acquired abroad or from mission schools in China. They were, in other words, men of the class upon which religious and educational societies in England and America have persistently relied for the past fifty years to reform the country's administration upon western lines, and to provide the material for its stable and effective government. In 1905 there were 2,585 Protestant mission schools in China, of which 14 (12 American and 2 English) were ranked as colleges. It was only natural that the missionary and educational societies concerned should hopefully overlook such tares as they discovered in their earliest crops and pin their faith on the rich harvests to come. It was also natural that, in order to gain the goodwill of their pupils, they should actively sympathize with the political aspirations of their protégés, the westernized officials who came to the front after the Revolution, especially as these aspirations were frequently the fruit of thought-germs implanted in the mind of

Young China at American educational establishments, sentimentally devoted to the inculcation of democratic ideals.

In their proselytizing enthusiasm and zeal they trusted to the traditional loyalty of the Chinese pupil to his teacher, but in so doing they overlooked the influences of atavism and environment far more potent in China than in any other oriental country, and the fact that hostility to foreigners is a deep-rooted atavistic instinct. They forgot that the student, educate him where or how you will, remains *au fond* a product of the antecedents of the social system which produced him—in other words that, sooner or later, he reverts to type.

Until the end of the second decade of this century, despite ominous indications of the coming storm, optimism of this kind, clearly reflected in the policies of Great Britain and America, was displayed by practically every missionary and educational organization in China. Many of them played a conspicuous part in supporting the movement for the abolition of extra-territoriality and other political objectives of the Nationalist Government's propaganda. But the anti-foreign and anti-Christian character of the Nationalist movement from 1925 onwards, a phenomenon of unmistakable significance, left little ground for further optimism. There was no denying the fact that many of the bitterest anti-Christians and Chauvinists, who inspired the confiscation or destruction of mission schools, churches and hospitals, were either professing Christians or men who had received their early education from the missionaries. The disillusion which had already been produced in the minds of dispassionate observers by the careers of prominent leaders, such as Sun Yat-Sen and the "Christian General" Feng Yu-Hsiang, came to be shared by many missionary workers in the field. The truth gradually emerged, as the result of grievous experience, that the net result of fifty years of Europe's and America's educational activities in China has been in many ways disastrous; with the best intentions, they

have unwittingly been engaged in the mass production of dangerous explosives.

At many of the headquarters of the great religious and educational societies the belief persists, apparently unshaken, that western learning, and the democratic principles with which it has generally been identified, will, in due season, produce a new and better type of Chinese citizen. Considering the nature and extent of the influence which these powerful organizations exercise, especially in America, it is hardly to be expected that they should readily confess either to a forlorn hope in the future, or to misdirected efforts in the past. Nevertheless, if the textbooks at present extensively used in the elementary schools throughout China may be taken as reliable indication of current trends of thought, the students of the next generation are not likely to be less inclined to violent chauvinism than those of to-day. If it be true that "what you put into the school you get out of the State," the type of citizen to be expected from these Kuomintang textbooks cannot make for the improvement of China's internal affairs or foreign relations. The spirit of militant nationalism which these books inculcate is based, from first to last, on bitter denunciation of the foreigner, and there is no denying that, generally speaking, the sentiments which they express are those of the modern school Intellectuals, the class which owes most of its education to western initiative, praiseworthy in its motives, but misdirected in its methods.

An English translation of typical passages from these textbooks has recently been published by the Japanese Press Union; it includes extracts from the "New Chinese History," the "New Chinese Geography," the "New Age Three Principles Textbook," the "New Chinese Common Sense Readers," and other similar works. Their unmistakable purpose is to inculcate a spirit of nationalism inspired by hatred and contempt of foreigners in general; many of them reveal, moreover, an unmistakable

undercurrent of Bolshevist influence, similar to that which found expression in the work of Sun Yat-Sen towards the end of his career. The general tone and tenor of these textbooks afford sufficient explanation of the state of mind which the student class has revealed in its recent incursions into politics; these bitter fruits of the tree of knowledge, planted and tended by the West in China with such patient devotion, deserve the earnest attention of every religious and educational society therein concerned. It is to be hoped that the Boards responsible for the work of these societies may not regard the policy which these books represent with the same patient fortitude which they have displayed towards the unchristian aberrations of Sun Yat-Sen or the blood-thirsty tyrannies of the "Christian General," for in education, as in every other business, the baser currency must speedily drive out the higher, and eventually leave no room for the gospel of goodwill. The sorry state of mind to which the scholar class, prescriptive rulers of China, has been brought since the Revolution, is now clearly demonstrated by the political activities of the students. Yet out of the nation's present dangers and discontents, good may come, if, because of them, the intelligence of the West is led to recognize the fundamental truth that, in China, any system of education which fails to inculcate obedience and discipline as basic principles must end in disaster. The spectacle of a sovereign State whose foreign policy is liable to be dictated or upset by unruly student mobs may well help to convince the world at large, before it is too late, that no good can come from premature attempts to adapt democratic forms of government to the existing social and economic structure of the Chinese masses.

War Debts and Democracy

By Herbert Agar

FEW Englishmen understand why the Middle Westerner finds the war-debt policy of the United States Congress both proper and appealing. It is worth summarizing the arguments used by Middle Western Congressmen, not because of their objective value, but because they suggest two important morals.

First, the Middle Westerner denies that war debts and reparations are connected. The British public, he says, has been fooled into believing that war debts and reparations are one of those couples whom God hath joined—whereas really it was not God, but only Mr. Balfour. The victorious nations first persuaded themselves that Germany could be made to pay a great ransom, and then adjusted their internal expenses in such a way that they could only redeem their war debts (or such part of their war debts as the United States did not see fit to cancel) with the help of that ransom. Now that the ransom is not forthcoming, the war debts cannot be paid without inconvenience. But the doctrine that war debts and reparations stand or fall together rests on the assumption that reduced expenditure or increased taxation is impossible. This the Middle Westerner denies. When challenged to justify his denial, he proceeds as follows :—(*a*) France is the most prosperous Great Power, and the least affected by the slump. She has already been forgiven half her debt to the United States, and has repudiated four-fifths of her domestic bonds by the process of inflation. Her armament expenditures are enormous, and are the cause of similar expenditures by other nations. It has been France's steady contention that Germany is malingering when she pretends that she cannot pay reparations. If this is true of Germany (who is receiving no foreign tribute), why is it not also true of France, when *she* pretends that she cannot pay her American debt unless the money is first given her by another country? ; (*b*) England is in a much harder position. But, neverthe-

less, while Germany, by means of inflation, repudiated the whole of her domestic debt, and France four-fifths of hers, England is paying her domestic debt at its face value. But why, asks the Middle Westerner, should England be unwilling to sacrifice her English debtors and still feel that it is only sound economics to sacrifice her American debtors? America has already forgiven England a quarter of her debt. If still more money *has* to be saved, why not save it at the expense of the English themselves?

The Middle Westerner then turns to the argument that America will be receiving her just punishment if her creditors default, since America's senseless hoarding of gold is largely responsible for the economic crisis. Why has America hoarded gold, he asks? Not because her inexperience unfits her to play the part of the world's chief creditor nation, but merely because the rest of the world has got itself into such a state that no sane man would invest a penny in it. The trouble with American bankers is not that they have kept their money at home, but that they have not kept *more* of it at home. And why is it that Europe (and hence most of the rest of the world) offers nothing but shady investments? The first reason is the world war, for which America was not responsible. The second reason is the treaty of Versailles, the more atrocious portions of which were forced on the American delegates by their allies. The third reason is the post-war tariff systems of Europe. (It is a matter of record that Senators and even President Hoover, can use this argument with a straight face.) And the fourth reason is European armaments, which America for years has been exhorting Europe to reduce. None of these causes for the economic collapse of Europe can be laid at America's door; therefore, it is foolish to blame America for the *result* of these causes, namely, her unwillingness to put money into Europe. If Europe would rehabilitate herself by reducing her armaments and composing some of her ancient feuds,

American gold would begin to flow outwards again and world trade would revive. But merely by saving a few hundred millions at the expense of the American taxpayer, and then spending the money on armaments, Europe will benefit nobody.

Lastly, the Middle Westerner meets the sentimental argument—that America should forgive the war debts since they were contracted in a cause that she herself had much at heart—by asserting that America has already forgiven so much of the debt that what remains (at least in the case of the Continental countries) is no longer *war* debt at all, but simply money lent for reconstruction purposes, after the war was over. As such, it cannot be considered on a different basis from any other debt.

One trouble with these arguments is that they have truth in them. This truth makes them persuasive. The fact that it is at most a half-truth, and hence wholly misleading, does not diminish this persuasiveness. The whole truth, as usual, is complicated; so those who tell it are ignored. The public has not patience to listen to them, when a simple and gratifying half-truth is offered at the next booth . . . The whole truth, of course, consists of a proof that although it is perfectly true that the debtor nations *can* pay their war debts, the only way in which they can do this without harming debtor and creditor alike is by paying a large part of the debts in goods. This involves explaining why it is that a great creditor nation must be a great importing nation—why, in other words, the United States must choose between her debts and her tariff wall. But the American small town merchant, and small-scale farmer, has been taught all his life that the tariff is the safeguard of his standard of living. If now he is told that he must either give up this safeguard or else forgive the European debts (and hence have his own taxes increased), and, if the reason given him for this necessity is an argument as to the nature of money, and as to the difference between money and goods, is it strange that he prefers

to listen to the politician who flatters him with dangerous simplifications?

There are two morals to be drawn from this. The first is that Europe had better not wait for the American public to offer debt cancellation. Necessity will teach the Americans sooner or later that their politicians have misled them; but it will probably be later, and hence too late . . . And the second moral is that the whole story illustrates the failure of democracy. Among educated Americans, it is hard to find a man who does not favour cancellation; but, in Congress, it is hard to find a man who does. The reason is clear: anyone who presents the real facts is trying to educate the people. He is sure to have at least one opponent who is content to tell them what they already think, adorning his lies with appeals to national prejudice. Clearly, the latter candidate will have the odds in his favour. So the facts will never be faced until they can no longer be denied. The system of government which insures this result must be discarded.

Story In Spite of Romance

Edited by Stella Benson

[*This is the first of a series of extracts from the remarkable autobiography of Count Nicolas de Toulouse Lautrec de Savine, whom Miss Benson met in Hongkong. In sending the manuscripts Miss Benson writes: "I can vouch for the real existence of the old man, and with these eyes I have watched him scribbling at these manuscripts—some of which he has given to me to edit. For the truth of the stories I can't vouch, but I feel personally pretty sure that they really are as true as such a self-dramatizing old darling can make them; the facts, I believe, are based on his actual experiences, though he sets them forth in the spirit of a romantic. I have tried to boil the stories down to reasonable length without altering his style or his spelling, both of which, it seems to me, add piquancy to the stories. Apart from this boiling down I have not altered anything."*]

I.—The Affaire of the Theft of the Costly Ikones.

AN old man has arrived in Hongkong with a trunk full of stories. He doesn't know how to tell a story; he is too conscious of the romance of his life—too much on his own side. Memory is identified in his mind with Romance, and he belongs to the date when Romance, to the humble mind, meant Dashing Young Guardsmen dissipating Millions borrowed from Wicked Jew Usurers on Liaisons with Seductive Ladies of the Highest Rank who moved about in Smart Equipages drawn by High-stepping Thoroughbreds. This is as if an oyster—forgetting that all his life it has lived inside its shell—should attempt to describe itself from without; not only would the romantic creature draw a wholly perspectiveless and rococo picture of this fancy aspect, but also it would certainly forget to mention the genuine pearl within its gates.

The old man's name and description of himself are:—

"Count Nicolas de Toulouse Lautrec de Savine,

Hereditary Knight of Malta (K.M.), Knight of St Vladimir Cross, St Anna, St Stanislas and St George's Cross of Russia, Iron Cross of Rumania, all awarded for gallantry, serving as officer in Russian Horse Guards. Oficer and Veteran of American Army, wounded twice—in the Russian-Turkish War (1877) and at the Spanish-American War (1897), Citizen of the United States by naturalisation in 1887, at Chicago, Ill. For a long time martyr of the Tsar's tyranny, exiled three times to Siberia for political offences as writer of books against the Tsar and his shamefull rule. Twice escaped from Siberia and tramped the world over. Elected by the Bulgarian people to the throne of Bulgaria in 1887, but arrested by the Tsar for it."

Now his pedestal is built of air; he sits among dull, poor, bored old men in a free ward of a hospital in Hongkong, but his Romance rages round his consciousness—that unsubstantial but magically resilient pedestal—like a storm. I go to see a charming, tremulous old man in a vulgar drab-tartan hospital dressing-gown, a white-bearded old man with bright eyes and a wide Russian nose—(which he immediately tells you are supposed to resemble Tolstoi's)—a neat, delicate person, obviously kept tidy and presentable by amiable but unimpressed hospital nurses—but he knows himself as an Historical Figure compounded of hot romance—a dethroned king, a martyr, a rebel in the forefront of youth's advance, a warrior resting only for a moment on his spear. He cannot endure his present obscurity—and yet he must. He thinks, if we are not impressed, that it is because we have missed seeing the truth of him—it cannot be that we have seen and looked indifferently away. He sits all day beside his hospital bed scribbling his hot thoughts in very shaky English with a very shaky hand, thinking—this *must* touch them—this *cannot fail*, surely, to rouse an echo—nobody could miss the significance of *this* at least. . . . His names and titles are pasted, in block letters, on almost everything that belongs to him; his

coat of arms is naïvely drawn in coloured chalks on the covers of most of his manuscripts; somewhere he has had printed a picture of an eagle—(beaked, unluckily, rather like a goose)—and this, too, is pasted on manuscript-covers; these symbols, I think, represent his nearest point of approach to himself—they are the marble steps that lead to the door of himself—a door that he never opens. He is like the ghost of a highwayman holding us up, demanding tribute of us at the pistol's point, and—since he is a ghost—we all walk innocently by; we walk through him, noticing only that a curious volatile breeze blows our hat awry; we pay him no tribute because his threat is air to us.

I think *I* am a ghost to *him*. "I have ever been admirer of ladies," he said, looking through me at be-bustled, be-fanned, be-diamonded frou-frou memories as I arrived in a damp mackintosh and muddy shoes by his side. With his white beard he tickled the open pages of an album filled with photographs of pretty women. "Two million rubles I have spent on ladies in my life," but now the ladies he loved are dust, and he must ask me—a mere Woman—for ten dollars. He has, one would say, the right to ask of a Woman some little gesture of repayment for the two million rubles he has spent on Ladies. He spent the money as a man—he demands it as a ghost.

In spite of the romance that gags him as a story-teller, there seems to me to be no doubt that he has stories to tell. I was convinced of this as soon as he told me that he arrived in Venice a penniless fugitive from Russian justice and, being advised by a friend to go to Bulgaria, said "Why Bulgaria? Is the throne vacant?" It was, and he sat upon it for a day. You or I would have felt lucky to get a job as stenographer or chauffeur, but Count de Toulouse Lautrec de Savine, even when spiritually on the dole, thinks in terms of crowns and millions and *coups d'état*.

His life, to my thinking, falls easily into four separate

stories—romances, he would say—but it is almost impossible to tell them entirely in his own words, partly because his English is so headlong and his French hardly less so, partly because he is so very discursive and tangential, and partly because he has modelled his style on the cheaper forms of melodrama. He gives undue space in his manuscripts to many matters that seem to him Great Vital World Affairs, but to us rather moribund.

He is obsessed, for instance, by a flaw in the descent of the Russian Imperial family, whom he always refers to as The Falsh Romanoffs. Not once or twice but many times he describes the sinister agility of the Empress, Catherine the Great, in ridding herself of her husband and providing herself with a Falsh heir, and always he writes as though he had been a shocked spectator of these nefarious eighteenth-century carryings on. He cannot make the slightest mention of the late Tsar or any of the Russian Imperial family without performing this reflex action of outraged disclaimer; he washed his hands of the Falsh Romanoffs at the age of twenty and cannot stop washing them, though now the poor Falsh Romanoffs are all dead—and though now he feels it necessary also to wash his hands of the Bolshevic-Moscow-Communists as well.

He is, in fact, a hand-washer of everything except himself. He boasts, often, of being an American citizen —" my landing at Seattle on the free Sol of the most free country on Erd United States of America was the memorable for me day Christmas Day 1892 of Christian Era "— yet—

> " I indure the long yahrs of my living in the country of ' help yourself ' and ' hury up.' There the strugle of life is feling by you more and worst as anywhere; there you don't find any real friendship by the mens, no tru love by the womens, no savor by the fruts and no parfum by the flowers. Cold materialism, appressaition of everythink on the dollar value. . . . A cruc-millionaire is a gentleman, and a poor gentleman nothing. . . . Count

without account—how was coled a friend of my, as many other titled peopel who made the mistake to come without money to the country of the gold dollar. . . ."

He says he feels French, heart and soul—though he is a third generation Russian—and yet—" Russian mush help to Germany, fournished her the necessairy arms for fight the french bourgeois and payd them the Rure cruautys".

His other obsessions are: the wickedness of his mother-in-law in witholding his wife's dot—the wickedness of Jews on the grounds that they lend money to dashing young officers of the Guards and have the insolence to demand interest—the baseness of the proletariat everywhere—the baseness of those who oppress the proletariat everywhere—the incredible nobility of the English—(we have been so fortunate as to show our most amiable aspect to the Count—even being represented at his wedding by our King Edward VII, then Prince of Wales)—the touching virtue of virtuous women—the even more touching frailty of unvirtuous women . . . But dissertations on these impersonal affairs pall rather quickly; we demand the tang of personality from our autobiographers.

And so the Count's romantic and " hyg stormy " life must be whittled down into four neat stories—the Story of his Theft of the Jewelled Ikons—(the Ground-stone of my life, says the Count)—the Story of the Election to the Throne of Bulgaria—the Story of his Exiles and Escapes and his Refuge in America—the Story of his Marriage. And with his permission—or rather with his impassioned encouragement—I should like to transcribe these four stories from his own manuscripts, interrupting his own words only to throw a bridge of my own over chasms of windy and redundant rhetoric. (These twice-breathed airs are damp, as Mr. Kipling says.)

" The story of my long and stormy life is very interesting, full of sansations and strugles for life.

I was born, at 1856, in Alaska, who at that time belong to Russia; there my father, captain of Russian navy and aide de camps of the Tsar, was on his men of war, and my mother was live on shore at the city of Sitka. Brogth to Russia one yahr after it, my youth was happy, passed in the old hereditairy castle of my noble historic anceters in full hapiness and welth. What concern my title, I recived it from my unkel, Count George de Toulouse Lautrec, who as eldest member of our family, carry the title—title who was transmit to me at his dead at 1892—me, son of the yangest member of his family, who came to be the eldest one by the dead of all the members of it. That was apruved by the department of heraldy of the Senat, as confirm by Tsar's decret. I received a carefully education, home, as at the shool. At this shool the regime was sever and the classicism was great—a kind of antic Sparta regime, who displaz to me very much. Once at a literary soiree, who brogth to our shool the parents of our boys—hyg dandy peopel—I had to declame some verses in greac from Ovidy. Dislike this dead classic language. Comming on the stage —to the terror of our pedagogs who was crazy of classics—in place to read the greac verses, sang a cuplet from the Belle Helene of Offenbach, who was so modern and appressiated at those days. (We are all innocent at birth, etc., etc.) This brogth sansation as great scandal. The next day, by orders of our director, the good-known classic Kalkoff, I was wiped. This classic Spartiac punishment of me, revolt me—agitate—perturb me in hygest manner, and I ran away from this tyranic shool, tramp more as hundred killometres to the castle of my parents. And few months after, inter to the Emperial Lice, at St. Petersburg, the most aristocratic hyg school of Russia. Barrister at law, I don't take the judicial carriere, inter to the most

brilliand aristocratic regiment of the tsar's guards, the horse's guards. There I had, as escadron chief, the grand duc Nicolas Constantinowich, nevew of the Tsar Alexander II. Grand duc Nicolas was very cleaver and liberal man, who was one of the first revolutionnairs and who give the push to the revolution in Russia."

The Grand Duke Nicolas had a beautiful American mistress, Fanny Leer, or Fenix, whom our Count thus describes—

"Miss Fenix, or call her on her full name, Fanny Leer, sweatheart of the grand duc Nicolas, nevew of the Tsar, who was more as a yahr her lover in title, and spendet large sumes of money on her as he was crasy about her. That could be understood, as she was beautiful. Of middle hyg, beautiful conformed and very pretty blonde yang woman with golden hears, cleaver, and good-educated, with the body of a Venus and smole fin hands as fiets, Miss Fenix was without any doubts, one of the prettiest yang womens who was seen. And to it, it was to mention her hyg education and cleverness; she was as so many yang gerls of her free country United States, where the womens are not only free and have the same rights as the mens but have some privileges behaf them on ground of the hyg human laws of this great hyg advanced contry of the New World. There ladys are first; that is so natural as rigth. That was, realy, the reason of the intusiasm to her of averybody who meat her and make her acquaintance; what brogth to her fiets the yang, hyg educated and rich grand duc of Russia. Without any doubts, this beautiful American lady, who was admired and courtoised by many mens, had only one lover to whom she belong—her sweetheart, the beautiful grand duc Nicolas, captain of the Tsar's horse's guards. And if some of the *grands courreurs de femmes* of St. Petersburg make allusions of their

intimitys with her, it was very dutfull. Realy, looking on the mater, I will say; Who and with what could obtain her love any mens, wen she love her beautiful, yang and colossal rich sweatheart, a nevew of the Tsar who spendet on her large sumes of money—give to her all that she want—all that she dreem? This is perhaps the reason why she—proud of him—refuses many propositions, money and diamonds of hyg values, offered to her for temporary intime acquentances. One millionair, Bachmanoff, offered to her ten thousand rubels but was refused by her, and this was isy to understood. What could make ten thousand rubels to Mistress Fenix when her lover spendet for her near a million rubels in one yahr of her living with him?"

Count de T. L. de Savine himself, then a lad of twenty, one morning found this charming young woman waiting at a fashionable restaurant in St. Petersburg for the Grand Duke, and as a loyal subaltern, the count saw that it was his duty to entertain his chief's charmer with an arch flirtation while she awaited her lover and her luncheon. This was our hero as he saw himself—

"A quet yang men of twenty yahrs only, a very stilish and elegant garde officer, a aristocrat by birth and great sport, I spendet great sumes of money and live at the time with a other good-known beauty of St. Petersburg, American lady, Mabel Gray, for whom I spendet fulish large sumes of money, but who, at this time, was in Paris, where I expected to go after having regulated my money affaires who was far away to be in order. For regulated them, I had to payd to the usurers, moneylanders—mostly Jews—my debts, who was about two hundred thousands rubels. Sertenly my father was very welty men, was a rich landlord of Russia who own large estates of more as twenty thousands acres land; but he have payd a yahr before my debts, made at St. Petersburg. That

was the ground of my transfer from the horse's guards to the hussard' regiment at Warsaw. He was very surprise to knowledge of the new and larger debts of my, at Warshaw, made by me by the jew usurers of the polish capital."

The roguish chat between these two sparkling young people—(the Count gives it in full)—lasted a long time, for the Grand Duke was very late. The Count's rendering of Fenix's reproach when at last her love arrived is "Shoking dear to late me wayt so long time," and the grand ducal excuse is "I beg you pardon deary." Family and regimental matters had, it seemed, detained him, and, in the course of a malediction upon these claims, he gave voice—by an odd coincidence—to all Count de Savine's own opinions on the debatable nature of the Russian Imperial family's legitimacy, character, patriotism, and chance of ultimate salvation. Such talk as this, as Count de Savine very reasonably reminded the Grand Duke, "push us to the revolution, to take them down from the throne."

"'Once we tuch to this question,' told the grand duc addressing to the yang officer, 'how are and what expect to doo, your friends nihilists?'

"'They are redy to act, weit the money that you have promess to them, Money, who is the push of averythink, is the nerve of avery war—and the revolution os nothing else as a war. That is confirm by the words of the great Napoleon who told that for make war you mush have Money, Money and Money! This money, promess to them by you, they are ewaiting. You promess them a million rubels.'

"'Yes, I promess them this sum and will give it. But they mush weit, as for instance, I have not such a sum. I will recive soon from the apanage department some two hundred thousands rubels but this money I necessate to myself as I will soon go to Paris and London with Fenix, on wich trip

I have recive the apruval and permission of my unkel the Tsar for a leave to France and England for three months. And telling to you the truth, I expected, dear friend, that you find this money for me—as you know, better as any one, those jew usurers, as client and debiteur, and I am realy surprise why you not arrenge me such loone. I necessate only a million rubels that I promess to the revolutionnairs-nihilists—sum of money for wich I expect to be "all rigth" (how exprime it my dear Fenix). And if the presumed Coup d'Etat or revolution will no come to reussite as we hope, I wil be stil good for payd this loone. You promess me to see those usurers—it see to me that you know them,' told the grand duc.

"'Yes,' I reply to him, 'you perfectly rigth, I know them to good. But will say to you frankly that to obtain such money loone for you, grand duc, member of the Tsar's femily, under your signature is impossible, by these *crocodils*. I was by many of them, here at St. Petersburg as to Warshaw; came to the conviction of impossibility to obtain the loone tnat you want, without security. One of those usurers—the more jew between the jews, although he was a christian *de jure*, baptisit in a protestant church for have the rigth to live in the Tsar's capital (what was not permit to the oprimated jews)—this millionair, Rudolf Erholz, told me—"Not a million rubels but three and foor millions I will lend to his hygness, and will lend this money exclusively at cheep rate to the grand duc, taken only from him five percents per month interess, in place of my ordinary rate on loones of ten percents—if his hygness agree to give me for my loone to him, good garenties—government stocs—bonds on bearer—or gold, silver, diamonds, of the value of the loone. If his hygness can give me such garenties, my money is to his disposition." Here are the

conditions of this baptisited jew, and if you find such garenties, I will procure you the money that you nead in 24 hours.'

"' Ou veut tu que je trouve cela? Sertenly my father have, for millions, first class stocs as bonds, but he keep them in banks and will never give it to me. What concern my mother, she have for millions diamonds, but she never wil give them to me,' answer the grand duc.

"' What will you give to me, Nic, if I find for you the claimed garentie?' interfere in the conversation of the two friends Miss Fenix.

"' What I give to you—diamonds—necklay from Faberge, that you like to have last day,' answer to her the grand duc.

"' Pas grand chose, dear. He cost only two hundred rubels—one hundert American gold. The Tsar's crown and thron are more worth, I gess.'

"' Ah, once the Tsar's crown will be on my head you can ask me and obtain what you want—a full real-rood carr of Siberian gold from the emperial goldfields.'

"' Well, I have your word on it—that you promess me the diamond necklay from Faberge as soon you get the million who you nead, and a full carr of gold as you came to the thron of Russia—Am I rigth?'

"' Yes you rigth. You have for it my word,' and he lent his rigth hand to his sweatheart.

"' All rigth. The bisness is dun. We go to cach the security that you nead. Go home to you—to the Marmor palais.'

"' To our palais? And what we will have there?' ask the grand duc, smiling.

"And the american lady was perfectly rigth; she had find the necessery garenty for the loone of a million maed by her sweatheart—in his father's palais, in the palais church, where was for many

millions of rubels precios worthy stones, as planty gold, on the ikones and crosses—those idols of greck catholic fiat.

"'Christianity disaproove the idols of Budists covred with gold and precios stones in the temples and pagodes of India—and ours idolatry to holy ikons—church service as worship to them—is it not the tru and real paganism?' told the grand duc and, without any delay, decidet to take them and profit of them. And as, at that time his famely and court of his father, grand duc Constantine, lived at his contry palais at Pavlovsk, he find no objection and difficulty to realise his deal—taken from the palais church the rich as costly ikones, who have he paquet in many trunks and valises. This was dun promp and without any help of the servant peopel of the palais, and on ground of it have no ewalk any suspicions of the servants. Trunks and valises sendet to the haus of Miss Fenix on the quay of the Neva. And from the haus of Miss Fenix, those trunks with the costly ikones, was sendet with the english groom of her to the haus of my, not far from the baraks of the horse's guards."

Count de Savine's description of Mr. Rudolf Erholz's house and person breathes anti-semitism in every syllable.

"On the left side of a narow lane who carry a very vulgar name of *Lundry Lane*, was at those time, in the first yahrs of the seventies of last century, a very original-looking one-story haus who ewalk the attention of the passing peoples by his strenge look and aspect. It was a one-story-privet-residence haus who had not doors from the side of the street and the windows of it was not only providet with theak iron bars—as in the jayls windows—but had also iron window shutters who was closed every evening as only beguin the darkness. The only one entrance to this strenge looking haus was treu a ironplated side door with strong

lok, shot day and nigth—door in wich was a smole little window, few inches scwair, from wich look a watchful vigilant eye of a geant porter. Although the frequant visitors of this haus was only prominent hyg-class peopels who came in theıe own elegant carriages carried by costly fool-bred horses—great officers of the most fecheneble arristocratic garde regiments and hyg civilian dignitarys—but before of open to them the closed iron door and left them enter in the hol, the geant porter not only looket other those colers (looked over those callers) to his master haus, but before going to him for anonce them, took the name and visit cards of the colers, go to his master with it. This mysterios haus was the propriety of the merchand of first guild, what was known from a coper plate with the name ingraving on it—as you seen it on all haus of St. Petersburg. But what you not see on the other hauses doors was a coper chrucifix, and by it, look to make know to averybody that this haus belong to a good christian. On ground of it, and specialy on ground of the name of the owner—Rudolf Erholz—averybody could think that there live a tru and fervent christian bourgeois of german stok —but who know him could never make mistake on his nationality of his pure german *son of Israel*.

" To the jew usurer, Erholz, was sendet by the grand duc Nicolas friend, me, de Savine, the trunks with the costly ikones, brogth by my valet de chambre.

" ' What are this coffers and trunks? ' ask with surprise the old jew usurer by my servant, Zahar.

" ' I dont know,' answer Zahar. ' They was brogth yesterday evening to my master by the english groom of Mistress Fenix, sweatheart of the grand duc Nicholas Constantinowich. Mush be some costly metalic objects as the trunks are havy.'

" ' And where are the keys? ' ask the old jew.

"'The keys are by my master, who will call to you to day; that he told me to say to you.'

"And now, after the departure of the men, the old jew usurer took to enjoy this sending—rob, with seing pleasure, his red, covred-with-gray-hairs, freckled hands, speaking to him self in his jewish jargon. . . . It was a large, with-tre-window, room, full of rich stilish fournitures and objects of arts—look more as bric-a-brac store. What was not there! Pianos, walnuts tre sculptured desks, incrustated Bul dressers, guilted chairs, turguish divans covred with persians carpets, large trumeaux looking-glasses with rococo guilden frams, a garniture of mahogony wood with bronze —style Jacob. Costly oils as aquarels pictures and marmor statues of hyg value, made by good-known masters. And on large tabels, as on the rosa marmor cheminee, stay and lay costly objects—bronze guilted clocs—porcelaine. . . . What concern the master of this haus—the old jew Erholz, this Scheilok of our days he was a fic man of sixty–sixty-five yahrs of age, with very typical jewish face, with a crooky nose, as by a rapacios bird—nose of pretty large dimention of red-lilac color, as have such sanguinnairs as drunkers. He was carry a little grey-red bearth, poor-growing on his fic chin, with so-coled bags under his discolored rapacios eyes, that he covred by large round dark bleue eye-glaces. His had was large and quait bald with only few gray hairs on his nec and his hands was large, red and fic—genuain plebeen hands. He was dressed in a old, pretty durty, large, dark brown welvet short froc, who probably was made from a women pettycot, purchas by him in oction. And his old corpulent fiets carry pretty old wool embroidered sleapers, who look to be a handwork of his wife Rebeka—Rivka, as he call her."

Somehow the final mention of Rivka seems to me to redeem with a glimmer of humanity the otherwise wholly grim portrait of Mr. Erholz—a portrait acquired, I think, like the women pettycot, at second-hand. But Rivka never actually appears in the story, and Count de Savine, coming in like a Gentile sunbeam, to this dark haunt of usury, was evidently determined to see nothing that did not support his romantic prejudices.

> " I enter in the room of the jew usurer, jowial, with a smile on face—told with joy, ' Now we are all rigth; I send to you the full garentie of the loone that I expect to obtain from you for the grand duc.'
>
> " ' What are those garenties? I want to see them—appressiate them. Show me what you sentet. But I must prevent to you, that such a large sum of money as a million rubels, I have not at the present moment. A million rubels, it is somethink ! '
>
> " ' Well, but for your *somethink* I give to you also *somethink* who is five–six times more worth as the money that you lent to his hygness.' I took from the pocket of my trowsers a bondle of keys, opened the trunks and coffers.
>
> " ' Ikones ! Holly ikones ! ' exclamed the surprised jew usurer.
>
> " ' What differences? Here is not the matter—that it is ikones, crosses or rings, braslets or other jewlery. The garentie for your loone that I give to you are not the ikones—those wooden planks, plates with pictures of Marie, Nicolas, Peter, Paul or Jesus on it—but the havy gold image-trimming who covred them, and the precios stones—diamonds, rubis, saphires and perls on it—look and appressiate them. Here are a value of many millions ! And the grand duc, my friend, wish to obtain from you a loone of one million rubels only !

Money that he nead for short time—tree months only!'

"The old jew usurer stay charmed by the view of the richess of great value. It was a real charming dreem. He could not belive of this look of his eyes as to the unexpected look who came to him.

"'Well,' told I. 'Tell me now your loone conditions, as bisness farst think, and this question is to be regularisited before all.'

"'The conditions of my loones are good known by you, Sir. Five percents from capital per month—it is the smolest interess that I charge and take. But on behalf of such hast, celerity and necessity to realize my self a large quantity of stocs for give to you the full amount that you nead—deal on wich I will loose—I gess is rigth to take from you in place of five, *six* percents; that wil make, for tree months, eigtien percents, or one hundred eigthy thousand rubels, who will be deduce from the lendet million rubels to his higness. After it, I will deduce the twenty thousand rubels due by you to me; that will make me give to you the sum of 800,000 rubels.'

"'Why you mixt the due money by me to you in this loone that you make to the grand duc?' ask I the jew usurer presumptuous. 'No no, Mister Erholz. My debts are payd by me or by my father, and by nobody els. And in this deel between the grand duc, my friend and camarade, and you, I interfair as friend. Will never accept a pay as commission fees and I ask you not to talk more this question.'

"So was 'dun the bisness—concludet the loone of a million.'"

The value of the security proved to be indisputable—not so, unfortunately, the value of the stocks handed over to the aristocratic but ingenuous pair. Mr. Erholz, "robbing his red with gray hairs plebeens hands"

reminded himself, "De Savine is yang and unexperimented men; kan chit him very isy." And so, alas, it proved, for the astute Mr. Erholz cut from each "stoc" the "next dues cupons," and so brought its value down from 82 to 79 per cent. However, even so, a million rubels, more or less, were borrowed, and a million rubels—rather less than more—were borne gloriously by the loyal sub-lieutenant de Savine to the house of Miss Fenix.

"At the same time, I late know to the had peopel of the Central Comity that the million of rubels, promess to them by the grand duc, is ready on disposition, ask to send for cach him, a authorizited persone to the haus of Miss Fenix. On that writing came the reply of the Central Revolutionnairy Comity that, on such day and hour, will call a member of the Comity of the Will of Peopel—Sophie Perovskaya, a lady friend of my. This interview with Sophie Perovskaya, I awaiting in the hyg elegant haus of Miss Fenix. The grand duc was absent, as he was gone few days before it with his horse's guards to the camp for all sumer.

"Sophie Perovskaya came to the haus of Miss Fenix as a techer of music and have to dinner with her, together with me, and after dinner — under view of giving a music lesson—had to recive the million, who I had to carry, on my English break, to Miss Perovskaya haus. This was so cleaver combinated, to awoid any suspicions from the Russian servant-peopels, who are offten very dengeros with there plebeen curiosity and talkativeness. On ground of it I took, for going there, in place of my Russian groom, the English groom of Miss Fenix, a son of Great Britain—John—who exept for the fechenebel parts of St Petersburg who serve for every days dreaves and promenades by fechenebel peopels, could not be orientated where he was going now, dreaving to the suburbs Miss Perovskaya and me. What concern the conversa-

tion at the time of dinner who had to be between Miss Fenix, Miss Perovskaya and me, he had to be in french, and on ground of it could not be understood by the English as by the Russian servants of the house.

" Only one think was ferguten—combining the femel women curiosity and American money love. Realy, the american daughter of Eva could not avoid the great tantation—to see—to look—to tuch money, who was temporary in her haus, in her hand. She had unbind some of the packs of the costly stocs, look them over with great attention and regards. And this, to my great regret, in presence of her english made; that way, that the secret, the mistery, exist no more. And if the servent had no knowledge what money it was, and from where it came, as to whom it was foredesign; but know that a million of rubels was sendet to her mestress from sub-lieutenant de Savine and was suposed to be transmit to *somebody* for some very important mater. And how yang and inexperimented was I, but I understood and fiel well, that it was a great carelessness as incautious of Miss Fenix who could bring to him, as to his friend the grand duc, and without any doubts to Miss Fenix to, great misery and trubles. As, how could be look and think concern it, this deal and attempt of the grand duc was a very serios one and very dengeros to—it was nothing els as a Coup d'Etat. And exept it (besides) this million was obtain on a illegal way, that in lawfully regular words had the name of robery. And this robery was commited by the grand duc, the Tsar's nevew—robery made, from his parents and with the sincery intention—but robery stay robery, and the grand duc help in it was, without any doubts, a crimminel one. And I, who was barister, lawyer, and graduated from Emperial Lice hyg judicial shool, know that

menace. These thinks wandred in my brains and make me nervos, sitting in the elegant parlor of Miss Fenix ewaiting the arival of Sophie Perovskaya.

" At those days Sophie was twenty two years of age, middle hyg, fin complexion, nice looking, dark hairs women. She was dress very simple in a dark woolen costume without any pretentions of elegancy and mode. Her hairs was cut in the men's style, how was carry by the womens nihilists at those days, and her fin-shape waist was lace with a belt. Her aspect was of poor-class inteligent women, and her covred with dust shoes show that she came on foots.

" ' Oh I am very glad that you speak so good english, miss,' told Miss Fenix after first greatings. ' Have you been at the United States, miss? '

" ' No, madame,' she reply, ' but I hope to go there soon. Will go to this paradis of human freedom, egality and democratic bases, who serves as model, speciment, for all contrys. That we expect to bring in our contry—to change the barbar, stupid and chemefull Russian Tsarendom in a free state—a fedrative, democratic republic.'

" ' You are perfectly rigth, miss. The freedom and egality of our peopel, the great nation of the United States, have make from our contry the farst contry on Erd,' told the american lady with the feeling of national haugthiness and pride.

" ' But by great misfortunes of ours, this probleme is not so esy to performe as we have expected. It is very hard to beguin with a revolution in Russia, this classic contry of sclavery and fanatism, as we have to fight not only against the usurpers of the thron but also with the peopel, with regard to their misunderstood strength. The stupidity of Russian peopel make it blind—not only that he does not know, but that he also does not feel, who is the

greatest enemy of him—his ruler and his rober—the Tsar and his despotic Tsarendom, that means his beastly despotism. On the contrary, he sees in the Tsar, his despot, his only protector and benefactor. What a utopy!'

"'Do not speak so, like that, miss; after my mind, partially he is rigth—this poor Russian oppressed peopel, as the present Tsar Alexander II, has done much for him—he liberated the russian peopel from sclavery.'

"'What error! Libearted the Russian peopel from sclavery! Fin liberation — only nominal liberation—falshood. Liberation only from the landowners' stick—knut, but having collected all those sticks and wips and having given them to other hands—to the bureaucrat-hangemen—to the crooky police officers—to the crooky priests—to the coward judges—to the beastial gendarmes. A new form of sclavery. At the same time, in place of shools, they open drinking dens for drunkness that ruin the peopel. Realy they could not imagine something worse—lower—most immoral.'"

It is perhaps hardly necessary to add that Sophie here began to discuss the questionable legitimacy of the Romanoff line. The extraordinary—almost telepathic—sympathy existing in this little group of patriots is shown by the fact that her opinions were expressed in words largely identical with the Count de Savine's own earlier fulminations. Sophie then disappears from the story, carrying with her the million rubels for the Central Comity. A tragic note informs us that she was hanged in March, 1881, "compromise in the murder case of the Tsar Alexander II."

"The disapear of the holly ikones from the Marmor palais church was decovred few days after by the unexpected return of the grand duchess, mother of the yang grand duc. This discovery

brogth to a great scandal, and put the capital police on feals, with her eminent head chief, General Trepoff. This hyg police officer took all the necessairy steps to discover the lost, and find the costly ikones in the haus of the old jew usurer, Erholz. But, for awoid a scandal, it was decided by the hyg officials to ferbit any publicity by the press. And it was dun so by the order of the hyg powerful General Trepoff who, reciving the costly ikones, carried them to the marmor palais of the grand duc Constantine.

"'You find them! Have cach the theef?' exclaim the grand duc Constantine with joy.

"'Yes, your hygness, have find them. But have not cach the theef, as was no robery and no theef,' answer the general.

"'How? No robery? No theef? Have those ikones flew from the chapel of the grande duchesse? Was it a miracle?' with great surprise and scaptizism ask the grand duc.

"'It was no miracle, your hygness, as those never was—but it was no robery to,' answer the general smiling.

"'Excuse me, general, but I cannot positivly understand you. By so kind to explain to me who those ikones disapear from my palais.'

"'I beg your hygness to deliver me from the oppression of such report. Ask to belive me, as to a tru and fidel servent of his Majesty, that in this case was no robery but only frevolity,' confuse, told General Trepoff.

"'This signify that it was dun by my son, the grand duc Nicolas,' exclame, comming ivite, the grand duc Constantine.

"'Yes, your hygness . . . Penefull is to me to tell it to you—to brac your father's harth. But once you presumed it I must confirm it to you.'

And the general told to the penefull father all the truth.

"'And the recived money from the jew usurer—what he dun with it? Give it, I presum, to his read-hared american gerl for her crasy expenses.'

"'No, your hygness, he dun wors; he give it to those crasy peopels who call them self people friends, who want to make a revolution in our pecefull contry.'

"'And you have cach them, general—put them at the Petro-Paul fortress?'

"'No, your hygness, they are not know to me. The grand duc, your son, dont know them personly. All this deel was made and fixed by a good-known sport, prodigal, spendthrift, giddy men, sub-lieutenant de Savine, camarade of the horse's guards regiment of the grand duc.'

"'And who lent them the million rubels—some jew usurer?'

"'Sertenly a jew. Who else will do such a bisness exept a jew? Only jews can doo such triky bisness. Who to swindle, who to ruin, who to chit, stolen goods to buy—all these disonest deels and triks are jews' work.'"

General Trepoff then went on to show that he and his giddy victim, Count de Savine, in the matter of Jews, shared one identically expressed prejudice.

Our romancer gives, at great length, a discussion between the Tsar Alexander II and the Grand Duke Constantine, as to what shall be done to punish the latter's erring son, the Grand Duke Nicolas. In the course of this conversation, the unexpectedly candid imperial brothers tell each other—what both, apparently, already know—that their "pseudo anceter" Peter III, was murdered by their "pseudo grand-grand mother, Ecatherine II" and that their own right to the name they bear is more than doubtful. The remarks of the Tsar are so unnaturally impartial as to make one wonder

whether Count de Savine is not merely seizing one more opportunity of making known his liberal views.

"'Now what concern our father,' says the Tsar, 'who finish so lamentably his hangemen's life by suicide after a crasy hangemen's thirty yahrs reign of knut-systeme—how much blood he make run! And how much tears to! How many lives was taken by him, beguinning from the poor decabrists—valarous patriots who loose those lifes, expecting to obtain freedom for those peopel, Russian nation.'"

As a result of this curiously irrelevant talk—

"All the peopel mixed in this ikones bisness was arrested by the gendarmes, agents of the chief of the politic police, on ground of the personal order of the Tsar. The grand duc Nicolas and his sweatheart, Miss Fenix kept in their home arrest; I was put on the millitairy arrest at the commendant staf, and the jew usurer, Erholz, put in jail—(from there he was sendet soon to his native smole polish-jew town, Skloff). This temporary mesures was conpleted by new Tsar's orders by sending them all out from the capital of Russia. The grand duc Nicolas, after taken from him of the Tsar's aide-de-camp's enicials, was trasfer as officer of the general staf to Orenburg, but short time after it, was trasfer more far away to Tashkent, Central Asia, for have mary the daughter of Colonel Dreyer, shief of police of Orenburg. I was sendet to one of my estates of Central Russia, with defense to come to the capital. Miss Fenix, as american citizen, was expulse from Russian empire, carry to the frontiere between gendarmes, with defense to return to it. What concern the jew, he had to stay in Skloff all his life under police surway. Exept it, he loose the million rubels. Loose of this lendet by him money was for him—jew usurer—more penefull as his arrest and exil.

" So was finish the famos story who made great sensation at the time—the story known under the name of : Affaire of the Million of the Grand Duc. Million who give a great powerful push to the revolution of Russia—who brogth to the execution by the revolutionairy Peopel Will Party, of the Tsar Alexander II, the 11th of March, and od his executors, valiant figters for the freedom of Russia —peace to the dust of them.

The grand duc was sent to Orenburg under the sever surway of the governor general. But there he stay short time, was exil, by the Tsar's order, more far—to Tashkent-Turquestan with excluding from the militairy service, for his mariage with Miss Dreyer, dogther of the shief of police, with wich he fall in lov. But this hapy mariage brogth him to new trubles. He stay in exil at the Far East more as forty yahrs. And, finishing here my historic story in wich the hero is the most liberal and cleaver member of the Tsar's femily, I finish it with the bitterish, penefull, afflicting words of the poor grand duc who was exprim by him in verses, what he permit me to mention in traslating from Russian :

" I could not be coward, as my crowned peopels—
Despotes, tyrans and imposters, cruel Tsars.
Want freedom, hapiness, to poor Russian peopel;
Work for the fall of the thron—crown—power of the Tsars !
And if my work and plans, calapced, fauls,
Was Gottes will, who hoerd not my call.
But the time will came—and this pretty soon—
Wen the chemefull Tsarendom will not exist under the moon !
As Sodom and Gomora, will be destroyed Russian Tsarendom—
Will disapear from the world, as Babilon and Rome "

(*To be continued.*)

Foreign Affairs

By Sir Charles Petrie

REPARATIONS and debts, like the poor, seem destined to be ever with us, but that is no reason why there should be, even in circles that one would expect to know better, so much muddled thinking about them. It is, of course, customary to blame the Treaty of Versailles for all the evils that have since afflicted mankind, and that the arrangements then made left a great deal to be desired no man in his senses would deny: moreover, the Treaty of Versailles was markedly inferior to the Treaties of Utrecht and Vienna, but that was because it had a professedly democratic and nationalist basis, and if people will make democracy and an intransigent nationalism their gods they must take the consequences. In short, however bad the Treaty of Versailles may be it is not in its provisions alone that the causes of the present crisis are to be found, but rather in the orgy of extravagance that has characterized practically every government in Europe since the Armistice.

It has been calculated that during the last six years Germany has spent eighteen billion marks on social services of a non-remunerative character, and, in these circumstances, it is not difficult to understand why the present crisis has overtaken her. It is true that Great Britain has squandered money in the same way, but there is just this difference, namely, that we have wasted our own money, while Germany has wasted money that she has borrowed, and so has lost both her money and her credit. In neither case, however, was there any valid economic or financial excuse for what has taken place, for both Germany and Great Britain were well-equipped countries before the war, so that in neither was there, as there was in Italy, a great deal of leeway to make up before they could claim to be modern States in every sense of the word.

What, then, is the cause of all this extravagance?

The answer must be found in the political conditions that have existed in so many countries since the war.

The Cost of Democracy

FOR the last fourteen years every British and German administration has had, in fact if not always in name, a Socialist basis, and the amount of money that has been wasted on social services represents the Danegeld which the *bourgeoisie* has felt compelled to pay to the proletariat in the hope of preserving its capital intact, and of persuading its fellow-countrymen not to follow the example of Bolshevist Russia. *Mutatis mutandis* the same is true of most European countries, with the exception of the Irish Free State and of Italy, which are both governed by exceptionally strong and far-sighted men, and to some extent of France. In almost every case the expedient of sops to Cerberus has been adopted as a definite policy, with the result that to-day the proletariat is far worse off than it was before the war, the *bourgeoisie* has seen its capital "frozen" where it has not entirely evaporated, and half the nations of the world are trembling on the verge of bankruptcy.

Chaos, political, economic, and social, is thus the price that Europe has had to pay for democracy, and there is hardly a statesman or a party that must not bear a share of the responsibility. It is all very well for leagues of well-meaning citizens in the various countries concerned to advocate economy, but unless they contrive some scheme for removing the public purse from the control of electorates based upon universal suffrage their efforts will be completely wasted. The problem of the world to-day is not the raising of money, whether by taxation or loans, nor is it wholly the solution of the question of debts and reparations, though that would admittedly help; it is the prevention of another orgy of reckless and unproductive expenditure the moment that a way out of the present crisis has been found.

Such being the case it is difficult to be optimistic

over the prospects of such an obvious half-measure as a prolongation of the Hoover moratorium. There can be no real recovery until there has been a change of heart among the world's statesmen, and the policy of wasting a nation's resources as a kind of insurance premium against revolution has been abandoned. Whether this can take place while there are everywhere in office so many timid old gentlemen, frightened to death of their less fortunate fellow-countrymen, is another matter.

The Outlook for Disarmament

WITH the problem of reparations and debts is inextricably entangled that of Disarmament, and until the former is settled there can be no hope of solving the latter. There are, indeed, cynics who maintain that once the existing period of financial stringency comes to an end the nations will never give another thought to Disarmament, for it is only poverty that has made us pacific, but to take this view is to beg the question. What is undeniable is that Disarmament cannot be considered, as some enthusiasts appear to believe, by itself: when all is said and done, armaments are the outward and visible sign of a country's fear of its neighbours, and until that fear has been removed it is hopeless to expect any State materially to reduce its armaments. The refusal to admit this obvious fact has caused the failure of innumerable conferences in the past, and all that has so far been done is to secure the abolition of weapons that had become obsolete anyhow.

Furthermore, the security which armaments are supposed to ensure is by no means absolute, for in the process of arming to such an extent as to achieve its own security a nation may alarm its neighbour, and in that event it has failed of its object, for no country can be said to be secure if its neighbours are frightened of it. There is, thus, for every State a point at which its defence of itself becomes defiance of others, but that point cannot be determined save after taking into account all sorts

of political and economic considerations. To use a homely parallel, a householder in London may be quite justified in having a revolver though not in possessing half-a-dozen, whereas the same man in China would be a fool if he were not so equipped. It is all a matter of time and place.

If, therefore, the delegates at Geneva are going to confine themselves to a consideration merely of the actual material of war, that is to say, ships, guns, aeroplanes, etc., they will fail to achieve anything. The only hope of effecting any real disarmament lies in dealing with armaments in the light of the general international situation, and the latter must first be improved by a settlement of the problem of debts and reparations.

Communism in Spain

A SPANISH Correspondent writes: — "The new agrarian law which has been framed in Spain seems to be modelled on the Russian code which was drawn up in 1923. No other country in Europe, with this one exception, has abolished the right of private property, a right which has been recognized and established since the times when agriculture passed from the primitive stage, and society emerged from the patriarchial phase; it is a natural desire in every man to possess, and at present the peasantry in Spain are decidedly land hungry: yet if this measure becomes law the land becomes the property not of any individual, but of the State. It will be let out at an agreed rental to committees formed of the rural population all over the country for the purpose of organizing and directing the landed property assigned to each. These committees will determine whether the land is to be divided into allotments to be worked by different members of the local population, or whether it is to be worked by all as one territory. They also will buy the tools and agricultural implements necessary for the exploitation of the land, and they will dispose of the produce derived from that land. The interminable

disputes and the opportunities for the very worst evils of the old "boss" system which such a regime implies are evident to anyone with the slightest knowledge of Spain. The plan has been elaborated without taking the very definite character of the Spanish people into account, and the foreign influence which inspired it is not difficult to divine.

"Meanwhile, the Communist influence is becoming more and more powerful, as may be noted in the increasing tendency towards Communism among the working classes. The syndicalist organization, the Confederación Nacional del Trabajo, is gradually becoming a powerful focus for their activities, and at a recent meeting of the local branch of this organization held at Lerida twenty-seven of the delegates were Communists. Full advantage is being taken of the economic crisis, which has precipitated thousands of workers into the streets, where many of them spend their time begging, so that the numbers of beggars in the capital have become a public nuisance. Here is excellent material for revolutionary propaganda of every sort, and the failure of the Socialist party to solve any of the economic problems which threaten the country with ruin has drawn large numbers to the ranks of the extremists. The struggle which is at present in progress between the National Railwaymen's Union and the Government represented by the Socialist minister, Sr. Prieto, has reached an acute stage: the decision of the minister that the improvements demanded were superfluous has met with united opposition from the Union, which has threatened a general strike if the demands are not acceded to. This is a significant and critical episode in the development of events."

The Growing Disorder

"THE Communists, consummate manipulators of the populace, are being given a free hand by the Government to carry on their propaganda, and already in Andalusia alone their list of membership shows a roll

of some eighty thousand names. The part taken in the movement by the students in the Universities is one of the most disturbing aspects of the whole affair. We are all familiar with the importance of the intervention of the students in the spread of revolutionary ideas in Russia, and how much they contributed to the final success of the Soviets, who, in turn, have ensured by constant oppression of the intellectual class that the same powerful influences shall not be turned against themselves. In Spain, student riots were constantly organized to undermine the government of the Directory, and later the Monarchy itself, the revolutionaries fully appreciating the immense appeal that the action of youth has in all countries, since everywhere it is youth that holds the vitality of a nation, and represents its future, and everywhere the fear of growing old inclines people to the adoption of the latest theories. After the establishment of the Republic it became quite clear that the student activity in favour of the revolt had been confined to certain elements only in the Universities, which had organized themselves into a Federation throughout Spain, and it was this association only which was allowed to exist by the new Government. Other student organizations were pronounced illegal, and thus the Government destroyed, or endeavoured to destroy, the only counterpoise that would have been effective to the growth of Communism within the Universities. Of such organizations the Union of Catholic Students was the most widespread and the best equipped. It had constant relations with the students of other countries, and would have weighed heavily in the scale of law and order. Now, undeterred by any opposition, Communism is making headway, and capturing the imagination of the younger generations. The women students are among its most ardent supporters. Students are employed to sell Communist newspapers and literature in the streets, which have a brisk sale.

"The Civil Guard, the finest and best disciplined force

in the country, is gradually being brought into popular disfavour by the new regulations which have been drawn up for them. There are rumours constantly that the Government is about to disband them, but to break up a highly organized force of 42,000 men seems to be beyond the extremes of rashness even of the Republic. The difficulty is apparently being dealt with by restraining the activities of the Guards to such an extent that they are allowed to take no action till matters have reached such a pass that bloodshed is inevitable. The resulting odium cast on the Guards is easy to imagine. The people in general are aware of the terms of the new regulations, and evil doers are proportionately encouraged in the pursuance of their ends. Moreover, as the death penalty has been abolished by the new Constitution, those who murder Civil Guards are in a relatively strong position."

An Indian Pageant*

By F. Yeats-Brown

IN my humble opinion, "Al Carthill" puts his finger on the right place when he says that the present discontent in India is a matter for the psychopath rather than for the student of politics. In his new book he does not discuss the theories of Congress, except in the last chapter, but devotes himself to drawing a picture of life as it is really lived in an Indian district.

If those who are to settle the destiny of Hindustan would read "Madampur" carefully and slowly they would learn a hundred things that even Sir John Simon could not tell us in his admirable Report. But patience is not characteristic of politicians, brown or white: they have neither the teeth nor the temper to bite on hard facts, preferring a slush of theories that can be assimilated by the debauched digestion of democracy. Carthill offers no such fare: he sets out a balanced meal of personal experience. He does not claim to give us all India at a gulp (no one can do that: not the ascetic Mr. Gandhi nor the adroit Mr. Jinnah), but the materials he uses have come from his own farm, so to speak, and are of basic excellence. He writes of a district he knows, which, although changing on the surface, remains rooted in its soil and traditions; of Madampur with its treeless plains; of its great fort ("which may still have its use in the coming days of anarchy"); of its "brightly-clad men, women, and children, all laughing and chattering with never a truly-hard word, far less an act of violence among them"; of its caste brethren, guilds, untouchables; of its forlorn cantonment; of its villages in times of plenty and of pestilence; and of the religion which has come to the Hindu as a result of his *habitat*. He has sweated through long days in Court, and groaned under the appalling arc of the night sky in summer, felt the nomad joy of autumn camps, the tenderness of winter

* "Madampur." By Al Carthill. (Blackwood. 15s.)

nights, the splendour of the rains. Writing of the latter he says:

> "Here (in England) we have never seen the royal progress of the monsoon, in its ordained march from West to East, never heard the thunder which heralds it with a crash as of a thousand ruining worlds. What do we know in England of the tigerish luxuriance of the jungle, of the still-relentless persistence of the avenging seedlet? How many men in England have ever seen the stars? How many have lain awake under the skies, night after sleepless night, watching the slow and implacable wheel of the constellations as the heavens move through their predestined course? What do we know in England, with our little lusts and our little hates, of the passions of men and women?"

Without a feeling-realization of India, of what value are the bleatings and high-falutin of idealists? Demagogues, schoolmasters, reformers, swoop down on the country for a few months, meet some of their own kind in India, and presume to instruct us for ever afterwards on our duty towards three hundred million people. If such uplifters would face the facts, instead of trying to force them into their own half-baked moulds of thought, India might not be on the verge of ruin to-day; moreover, I believe that she would be nearer to the illusion of Liberty that all men yearn for and none attain.

India should be free to choose her own fate: "Al Carthill" practically admits as much, and this reviewer has long held that she cannot always remain an integral part of our Empire, but should in process of time become an associated yet independent nation. Be that as it may, it is madness to erect paper Constitutions with no basis in the realities of temperament and climate.

> "He who is about to build an edifice should see that the foundations are well and truly laid on the spot he designs; and that this may be possible

> he would be well advised to spare a few hours from the draughtsman's table and the upholsterer's pattern-book to make a few preliminary borings *in situ*. If he neglects this drudgery he may find that his magnificent castle, when built, is doomed to sink into sudden and irretrievable ruin, and is thus a death trap to those whom it should shelter and defend."

I am tempted to quote more—the touching description of a deserted cantonment—the scene at a well-head, with its pigeon-peopled trees—the discussion of bureaucracy—the suggestion that our Western civilization is not as solid as it seems, and that " in the East one does not need this reminder, because the whole country is covered with dead cities—cities which have perished not by slow and natural decay, but which have been cast down from the heights of glory by some abrupt catastrophe "—but perhaps the extracts given will sufficiently indicate the author's method and manner. I hope so, for his book is, indeed, an appeal from the shallow expedients of to-day to " the more advised findings of posterity." It should live not only as an Indian pageant, but as English prose.

French Art and the French Genius

By Horace Shipp

HOW shall we look at the French pictures? How, indeed, shall we look at any pictures? What intellectual equipment shall we take to the task? Some would have us take nothing but the alert senses and æsthetic understanding; regarding each individual work of the thousand-and-twenty-one exhibits at Burlington House as a separate thing of beauty, an arrangement of line, mass, colour, tone, planned to please the senses by immediate appeal and asking nothing more than a sensuous reaction. Others demand that we should add to this a knowledge of the history of the development of the painter's technique; others, again, that we should also bring cognizance of the evolutionary changes of the schools of painting; and ultimately some of us hold that true appreciation can best be gained by knowledge of the social history which lies behind the artists' work. For my own part I believe that the greater knowledge of the facts we can bring, the greater will be our appreciation, for we shall be seeing the picture more truly with the eyes of the artist himself. To me art is not only an æsthetic; it is a language and a communication, and we shall be wise to acquaint ourselves with the language both of its manner and matter.

Naturally we must put the art values first. Measured by these, the exquisite diptych which Jean Fouquet did for his patron, Etienne Chevalier, about 1450, or the *Nevermore* which Gauguin painted in Tahiti in 1897, are alike thrilling: creations in rhythmic pattern and lovely colour which charm us away into their own worlds of sensuous and satisfying beauty. Measured by these, the centuries dissolve into the timelessness of universal things. Nevertheless if we can also see these two masterpieces respectively as the work of an artist who is emancipating art from the limitations of miniature painting, and of

one who is correcting the tendencies of impressionist work, we shall deepen our understanding. If, again, we trouble to be informed as to place and period and the social background we shall see the Fouquet as a link between the age of faith and the humanism of the Renaissance, whilst the Gauguin stands as a criticism of the over-sophistication of the nineteenth century and of the industrial and urbane world of to-day. Thus on three correlated planes any work of art can be appreciated.

French art in particular demands understanding of the forces behind it. On the line of the development of technique we can study at the Exhibition the incoming of almost every element of the painter's method and his interests. From the fourteenth century portrait of John the Good, or the sculptures of Charles Vth and Queen Jeanne, we can trace portraiture through the great early Renaissance days of the Clouets and Corneille de Lyon, through the seventeenth century of Louis XIVth, the brilliance of the pastellists of the eighteenth century and the glory of the art in the hands of David and Ingres, the classical masters, through the romantics and the impressionists to the threshold of our own century. We can watch landscape in its tentative beginnings on the glorious pages of the manuscripts; see it added to from century to century; glowing on the luminous canvases of Claude Lorrain; half-hidden in the afternoon light of Watteau's lyric brush as though the world itself partook of the transience of the gaiety he pictured; coming into its own with the Barbizon men; and flooding the world with light under the *plein-airists* of last century. In this study nothing is more fascinating than to turn to the historic *Breviary of Belleville* in Case 40, for it was that manuscript, fashioned in the studio of Jean Pucelle for the wife of Oliver de Clisson in the early fourteenth century, which set the fashion of commencing the Books of Hours with typical scenes of the twelve months, a fashion which sent the artists to nature to note her effects. From such beginnings we can trace it to the background of the altar-

pieces. The Master of Moulins, that great artist of the fifteenth century, shows us a lovely glimpse of open country in his *Nativity* or in the *St. Victor and Donor*. But landscape for its own splendid sake really was born with Claude Lorrain, although even he felt the apologetic need of adding small-scale figures for the sake of giving a subject. Nevertheless as we pause before the great *Morning* and *Evening*, before *The Enchanted Castle* or that inimitable masterpiece, *The Decline of the Roman Empire*, flooded as it is with the radiance of the setting sun, we know that Claude was seeing the effects of light on the trees, its reflection in moving waters, the masses of architecture veiled in air and the scarce perceptible mists, all the ever-shifting yet eternal beauty of the world we live in. When, three hundred years afterwards, France startled the world with such landscape painters as Monet and Sisley and Pissarro, it was Claude who was their forebear, although our own Turner, who owed so much to Claude, was their immediate inspiration. So the race of artists hand on the torch, each carrying it further, maybe, in the splendid onrush of his own genius, but each accepting from the past the flame of tradition.

It is, of course, possible to carry this search for derivations to a point where our sense of individual values is stultified, but there is an unquestionable fascination in recording the unbroken tradition which keeps art sound whilst allowing for progressive vision. No country more than France can teach us that lesson. Particularly throughout the nineteenth century, when vitality caused school after school to succeed each other in almost bewildering sequence, we are faced with what looks at first like phases of anarchy; yet as we stand back over the space of but a few years we see the spiral movement of the tradition linking the diversity of art. It is a lesson that both the reformer and the traditionalist might learn.

The final significance of French art emerges, however, when we look beyond both its immediate æsthetic appeal and its historical position in the evolution of technique to

the reflection we find in it of the changing thought and life of the race. From this angle it becomes profoundly important because, of all painting, it comes nearest to our own time, and because it stretches unbroken over a span of centuries unequalled by any other school. In a sense it carries on from the point to which the Italian Exhibition brought us, although truly it goes back to cover also the ground of that art. For Italian painting is a golden cord swung between the mysticism of mediævalism and the humanism of the Renaissance. As we traced it on the walls of Burlington House in 1930 we saw art brought from heaven to earth, but always associated with some degree of ideology. Religion was its inspiration entirely at the start, as it was of these French artists. Through four hundred years the Italians slowly emancipated themselves from the other-worldliness of Byzantinism and early Christian art, only to deliver themselves over to the other-worldliness of Neo-Paganism. When eventually life broke through, Italian art was destroyed by the impact.

That story, in all but its final chapter, is repeated in the first two galleries of the French Exhibition. In the thirteenth century France led the world in the artistic expression of her marvellous faith, and the Gothic cathedrals of northern France are the abiding monument of the wave of spiritual fervour which united priest and layman, prince and peasant, in communal urge to glorify God. The decoration of those cathedrals produced a race of craftsmen rather than painters, for the stained glass which filled the vast window spaces dictated by the northern lack of light took the place of the pictures of the basilicas of Italy. Thus we find altar-cloth and goldsmith's work, ivory and enamel, sculpture and tapestry, and exquisite service book, monopolizing art during the centuries that Italy was telling this story in her great pictures. Then, with just sufficient painting to show what the French could achieve as mystic painters, they passed to the Renaissance. But with what a difference! For the French genius is a genius for life and living.

Poussin almost alone of her artists was preoccupied with Paganism for its own sake; Vouet, perhaps, under the immediate influence of the Italians at Fontainebleau. All the rest of the story is that of the triumphant liveliness of France and the French. From the work of the Clouets under the Valois kings, yielding us such a gallery of portraits as no other period can surpass, to the *joie de vivre* of Renoir and Manet, of Degas or Toulouse-Lautrec, French art is a pæan of life.

It was that inordinate belief in life which created the style of Louis XIVth. All the arts of France were called into being to express his magnificence at Versailles, and painting became the pendant of that exultant living, expressed best, however, in the wonders of tapestry and furniture which we find in the Lecture Hall at the Exhibition. Then, with the dulling of that magnificent court life as the ageing king outlived his great zest, aristocratic society swung down the currents of the *Fêtes Galantes* which the genius of Watteau so lyrically caught, and Lancret and Pater, Boucher and Fragonard, echoed. Life and style: those were the watchwords of the eighteenth century as they were of the seventeenth, and as we stand before such exquisite canvases as Watteau's *Pleasure of the Dance*, that treasure from the Dulwich Gallery, or the *Venetian Fête* from Edinburgh, it is life and style which speaks from them.

When the storm of the Revolution broke across this almost theatrical living, David, the new dictator of taste, tried to subdue art to a theory of classicism. To some extent he succeeded for a time, but with the coming of Napoleon and the Empire the theory was seized upon for a new phase of extravagant style. Life once again went into fancy dress in the exuberance of living. The period is represented at Burlington House rather by portraits than by the classic subject pictures which were its true embodiment; but these are splendid examples, and David's portraits of *Seriziat* and of *Madame Seriziat*, his monumentally designed dual portrait of *Pope Pius VII*

and Cardinal Caprara, or Ingres' picture of *La Belle Zelie*, that most typically French of all French beauties, reveal the value of the restraint of the classical school.

Almost immediately, however, life had her say again, and the exuberant Gericault and Delacroix poured their passion for living across French art. To our modern taste the enormous canvas of *The Justice of Trajan* is too exultant, too abundant. But the spirit which evoked it gives us equally the romanticism of Daumier, that fine artist who is not sufficiently well represented on the walls, and Courbet, whose various self-portraits confess his pleasure in the fact of his own existence. Thence to the Barbizon men who turned to nature for their inspiration in the search for truth which was so distinctively a current of nineteenth-century thinking. The classicism of Corot and his enthusiasm for form is one of the surprises of the Exhibition to those who have tended to think of him in terms of his somewhat formless lyricism. I confess that for me his popular poetry in paint remains more pleasing than this prose, but this is not the fashionable attitude. Nor is it fashionable to admire Millet, who also happened to be a poet and proved himself a fine draughtsman and may therefore be forgiven by all but the brightest critics for happening to express his belief in humanity in its relationships to the earth.

With the brilliant galaxy of the nineteenth-century impressionist group and the post-impressionists this love of everyday existence and a joy in it that deemed it worthy of expression in art became the keynote of art. "The subject of a picture is light," said Manet; but he would have expressed the whole *credo* of nineteenth-century French art had he said that the subject of a picture was life. Look at the glorious Renoir *La Loge*, at Manet's *tour de force* of painting the famous *Bar of the Folies Bergères*; look at Monet's singing landscapes of the simple French countryside, of a railway station, of the Thames; or that brilliant woman artist, Berthe Morisot's portrait of *Madame Boursier*; at Degas' *Ironing Woman*,

or Toulouse-Lautrec's *Dancer*; every picture has this same passionate acceptance of life which is typical of the French genius. Idealism, which is in itself a kind of criticism of life, there is not. Neither is there realism in the English sense, for that too is a criticism. It is of the essence of French intellectualism that they do not invite us to look upon this picture and upon that in the spirit of criticism. Life is a *Fête Champetre* in the eighteenth century, and a *Bon Bock* in the nineteenth : it may be both transient and amoral, but it is exceedingly worth contemplating for its own marvellous sake.

If Cézanne and Gauguin sought deeper, the prompting spirit was much the same. Both of these masters of post-impressionism have magnificent works at Burlington House. Both go consciously into the problems of æsthetics, but their French sense of reality does not fail them. Gauguin, it is true, refuses to accept life with French urbanity, and moved himself out of it with admirable logic until he could enjoy and express his immediate surroundings. The contemporary English mentality, having the same criticism of civilization, turned Pre-Raphaelite and painted ideology.

Thus the French remained true through at least five hundred years of their art to this belief in life itself, a belief to which Italian art led but which it died in achieving. On the walls of Burlington House a thousand masterpieces consistently declare that faith, and are the better to be understood if we will approach them in the French spirit. Basically it is the reflection of the faith of the modern Occidental world since it shed the mysticism of the Middle Ages. As we pass from gallery to gallery the controlling thought-currents of the centuries sweep the art onwards, so that western European social life and philosophy, and even history, is as much part of it as the pure æsthetic; and those of us who will assimilate both these, and glance at the evolution of painting besides, will gain most from this incomparable display of French art.

One Thing And Another

By J. B. Morton

I regret to announce that Mr. Charles Fiddington died two weeks before Christmas from food-poisoning. He had been persuaded by a canvasser to try a chemical food which was being very highly spoken of by advertisers. That evening he took to his bed in agony, and died the next morning at twenty minutes to eight. He leaves behind him a daughter Agnes, who inherits his considerable fortune. The only consolation which we may enjoy is the determination of this daughter to abandon her quiet life beneath the Wiltshire downs, to come to London, and to continue the diary which her father kept with such scrupulous care. Those who expect from this simple country-bred girl the ripe judgment of men and affairs which distinguished her father, will be disappointed. Her life has been passed in a quiet backwater at Abbot's Pudding, and she is more familiar with the sights and sounds of Nature than with the schemes and passions of an urban population. Yet one need not wholly deplore her decision to taste the larger world of which she has read in her newspapers, and which she has glimpsed on flying visits. She will bring to her diary a mind unclouded by prejudice, and it is to be hoped that her eager and enquiring spirit will make for her even more friends than her father made by his dogged commonsense and assertive sanity.

Below I print the first extracts from the diary of Agnes Fiddington.

January 2nd.—It seems incredible to me as I look round my comfortable little Chelsea flat, that a short while ago I was at dear old Abbot's Pudding, with the elms outside the windows, the great hearths, the low ceilings, and the general air of old-fashioned comfort. I suppose I should have lived and died there, a serene spinster, content with an uneventful life. Whereas now —anything might happen! Yet, even now, I am not quite reconciled to the glass chairs which Joan advised

me to buy. Even now I am doubtful about the green marble writing-desk. Even now the tin flowers, however fashionable they may be, waken continual regrets for the colour and scent of our old garden at home. Joan, whom I had not seen since the old days at St. Kensit's, has taken complete charge of me, and has nearly rushed me off my feet. She lives in Mayfair, and is married to a rather sporting peer. But I still hardly recognize her. Her hair, which used to be long and golden, is now very dark, and cut so short that the back of her neck is scrubby. I was further amazed to discover that she has had her eyebrows cut off, and others painted on. I flatly refused to follow her lead in this.

January 3rd.—I went out to-day to explore the neighbourhood, and to find the kind of Latin quarter life of the artists, but I was not very successful. I did discover a tea-shop with a very curious name, but the only people there were an American and his wife, who were writing post-cards; a fat woman with a vile accent, whose children were covered with jam; and a boy in bicycling outfit.

January 4th.—Joan and I had quite a row about cocktails to-day. I simply don't like the taste of the things, and I told her so. She said, "Don't be such a perfect little fool! What's the taste got to do with it? Swallow 'em down quick, and you won't even notice." "Then what on earth is the good of drinking them?" I asked. "You must drink something," she said. "Well, why not something you like?" I answered. A rather nice man called Marrison (we were at a cocktail party) overheard us, and said to me "What do you like to drink?" "Sherry," I replied. Whereupon he told Joan that she was old-fashioned, and that cocktails were practically done with, and sherry on the way back. And he got me a glass of sherry. Joan seemed frightfully angry with him. We went on to dinner with some people, and Joan announced that none of us had any appetite as we had been to a cocktail party. "You should have had

sherry," I said to her. "I've got an enormous appetite." And she got angry again, and told me to stick to my samplers.

January 7th.—In a state of great excitement I went off to dinner last night * with some people who are rather in with the literary set, and a publisher and an author were to be among the guests. I sat next to a journalist who evidently thought me very gullible, for he kept on mentioning names of very smart or famous people, and telling me how much they were prepared to pay to get their names into print. "Last week," he said, "I lifted two dinners off old Lady —— and her husband for a two-line puff of their new cat." He was most amusing, and I'm afraid I encouraged him in this kind of scandalous talk. The publisher and the author were rather disappointing. The publisher was a very small, fat, smug little man with greasy hair and gold teeth, and sly, shifty eyes. The author was even smaller; very pale and pimply and miserable looking. After dinner he and the publisher went into a dark corner and sat down, and, with their heads close together, whispered for the rest of the evening. "What do you think they are talking about?" I asked the journalist. "Money," he said. There was a very large woman there, in a ginger wig. She sang Roumanian folk-songs, which the journalist applauded violently. "You like her voice?" I asked. "I think she's like a drunken town-crier in a storm," he said. "But her parties are full of paragraphs." Apart from the journalist, rather a disappointing evening.

January 8th.—When I told Joan about the dinner-party, and the literary people, she said she was going to ask some of the giants to her next party. Her brother, apparently, met Mr. Aldous Huxley at some provincial lecture hall and asked him a question about Thackeray. "Anyhow," Joan said, "I've heard that there's a sort

* I hesitated to accept any invitations so soon after my bereavement, but Joan persuaded me that there was no point in being gloomy, and that those things are regarded differently to-day.

of agency where you can hire authors who want publicity. You just give them their drinks, and perhaps a sandwich or two, and they'll talk to anybody in the room." I must say I want to get a glimpse of the real literary and artistic world. They surely can't be all like this. "You're not going to tell me," I said to Joan, "that Mr. Galsworthy goes on like that." "I've heard he's not much of a mixer," said Joan.

January 10th.—Joan and her husband made up a party for a theatre last night, and asked me. At the last moment they remembered they hadn't settled on a play, so Joan dabbed a pin into the advertisement column, with her eyes shut, and drew a musical comedy. I was awfully anxious to be in time for the beginning, but they all laughed, and Joan said, "Only servants worry about arriving in time, because nobody wants to see their dresses." The result was that we were half an hour late, and couldn't get a programme until the first act was over. The man next to me talked incessantly about St. Moritz, and the woman on the other side of him disturbed everyone by sending an attendant for some aspirin. I've come to the conclusion I'd rather go alone to the theatre.

January 11th.—In order not to appear eccentric, I've done what Joan advised when I first arrived; I've bundled my walnut dining-table out of the way, and substituted one of the new pink glass ones, with steel legs. I don't like it in the least, but Joan rather worried me when she said that one of her friends had laughed till she was sick at the idea of a girl with money sticking to old-fashioned furniture. But one thing I won't give in over. They want me to get rid of my electric light fittings, and instal things that look like candles, with sham blobs of candle-grease stuck on them. The other day I got a longing for real flowers, and went out and bought some. That evening a girl went up to them, and said, "Marvellous! They might be real!" When I said they were real she looked at me in a puzzled way. Then she said, "Didn't know they made real ones any

more," and everybody roared with laughter. Joan has been at me again about my bed. She says it's the sort of thing her grandfather's butler would have slept in, nightcap and all. She wants me to get one of the new beds with a bed-head by Schzl, the new society decorator. "He does lovely classical stuff," she said, "and he did a nigger band bathing by moonlight for Babs."

January 15th.—Joan has asked me to join her and a party of friends in a tableau. There is to be whole series, for charity. Ours will represent Nausicaa and her Maidens Playing Ball upon the Seashore, and Joan insists on a big red and blue woolly ball. Marjorie wants to wear beach pyjamas, but Lady ——, who is organizing the affair, says that classical costumes must be worn. We are all going to lunch together at the Ritz each day before rehearsals. I asked Joan what charity it was in aid of, but she said she had forgotten to ask. Marjorie thought it was for the out-of-work American musicians, but Joan said they'd had that a month ago. It was only by asking the organizer that I discovered it was to collect funds for a Home for the dogs of those who were too poor to pay the annual licence.

January 16th.—My new green leather bath-mat has come, and the two pictures I bought at the show I went to with Joan. It was an exhibition by the Dynamic Group, whose theory is that all art is dynamic. All their pictures are of things bursting: rocks, human heads, tree trunks, and so on. I bought one called "The Bursting Hat," which shows a kind of hotch-potch of felt and ribbon and silk lining, all painted in black; and another called "Let It Burst," which shows a rock on the Cornish coast bursting asunder. Joan bought "Burst," a study of a bursting lime-kiln; "The Burst Rocking-Horse," showing a burst rocking-horse, and "It Burst," a house at Cheltenham bursting. I must say that the moment I got them home I realized what rubbish they are, and I shall never hang mine. In their surroundings at the gallery they seemed all right. Joan says, with regard to the

green leather bath-mat, that the proper thing is to have a line from a French poem painted on it in red and gold. But I think that's stupid—and probably the improper thing.

A very tiresome man, who apparently writes ballets, keeps on sending me fruit. Whenever I meet him he makes for me, and says, "I hope you didn't mind my fruit." When I told him I never eat fruit, just to stop his gifts, he merely smiled and said, "And if I sent flowers you would not eat them. It isn't the eating that matters, dear lady, and an orange lives as long as a lily, and without that perpetual consumption of water which makes flowers such insipid companions." Well, nobody has ever told me how to reply to a speech like that, so I just nodded my head, and said, "How very true."

January 18th.—I have met my first film producer. He cannot read or write, but does not pretend to be able to. He told me I had a film-face registering one hundred per cent. glamour—but he said the same to every other girl there. He also told me that he handles more money in an hour than Napoleon ever handled in ten years. He seemed to be very bitter about most of the men in the room, whom he called Greek-speaking public-schoolers.

Books Recommended

We asked contributors to THE ENGLISH REVIEW *to send us lists of three books published recently which had interested them particularly. Novels were excluded. The following are the selections :—*

ISABELLA OF SPAIN. WILLIAM WALSH. (Sheed and Ward. 12s. 6d.)
VOTIVE TABLETS. EDMUND BLUNDEN. (Cobden-Sanderson. 10s. 6d.)
CITY OF THE RED PLAGUE. GEORGE POPOFF. (Allen and Unwin. 10s.)

HUGH WALPOLE.

THE EASTERN FRONT. WINSTON CHURCHILL. (Thornton Butterworth. 30s.)
FOCH : THE MAN OF ORLEANS. B. H. LIDDELL HART. (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 21s.)
IN BOLSHEVIK SIBERIA. MALCOLM BURR. (Witherby. 10s. 6d.)

H. W. NEVINSON.

CRANMER. HILAIRE BELLOC. (Cassell. 15s.)
SHOULD A MAN TELL ? MAURICE LANE-NORCOTT. (Desmond Harmsworth. 3s. 6d.)
THE MEMOIRS OF PÈRE LABAT, 1693–1705. Translated by JOHN EADEN. (Constable. 7s. 6d.)

DOUGLAS WOODRUFF.

A HISTORY OF SMOKING. COUNT CORTI. (Harrap. 12s. 6d.)
MY FRIEND THE ADMIRAL. G. E. MANWARING. (Routledge. 12s. 6d.)
THE ROMANCE OF WINE. H. WARNER ALLEN. (Benn. 7s. 6d.)

OSBERT BURDETT.

SECRETS OF THE CAUCASUS. ESSAD BEY. (Grayson. 15s.)
NELSON. CLENNELL WILKINSON. (Harrap. 12s. 6d.)
CRANMER. HILAIRE BELLOC. (Cassell. 15s.)

J. B. MORTON.

STRICT JOY. JAMES STEPHENS. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.)
THE DUKE. PHILIP GUEDALLA. (Hodder and Stoughton. 25s.)
WHAT DARE I THINK ? JULIAN HUXLEY. (Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.)

HUMBERT WOLFE

BOOKS RECOMMENDED

THE EASTERN FRONT. WINSTON CHURCHILL. (Thornton Butterworth. 30s.)

THE USE OF SELF. F. N. ALEXANDER. (Methuen. 6s. 6d.)

BEHIND THE SCENES OF INTERNATIONAL FINANCE. PAUL EINZIG. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.)

R. McNAIR SCOTT.

NAPOLEON. F. M. KIRCHEISEN. (Gerald Howe. 30s.)

THE HUNGRY TRAVELLER IN FRANCE. NORMAN DAVEY. (Cape. 10s. 6d.)

THEY THAT TAKE THE SWORD. E. WINGFIELD-STRATFORD. (Routledge. 12s. 6d.)

B. H. LIDDELL HART.

PORTRAITS (1). DESMOND MACCARTHY. (Putnam. 7s. 6d.)

BERNARD SHAW. FRANK HARRIS. (Gollancz. 8s. 6d.)

RETURN TO YESTERDAY. FORD MADDOX FORD. (Gollancz. 18s.)

DOUGLAS GOLDRING.

Further lists o books selected by our contributors will be published from time to time.]

Reviews of Books

SIX BRITISH BATTLES. By HILAIRE BELLOC. (Arrowsmith. 12s. 6d.)

MR. HILAIRE BELLOC has rendered a service not merely to his own reputation by collecting these twenty-year-old "essays" into one volume—as useful for reference as it is stimulating to read. Although he calls them essays, they are in fact very full accounts of each battle, averaging over sixty pages apiece. For the early battles, indeed, the accounts might be termed too full for truth, if not for the reader's enjoyment—of brilliant legerdemain in conjuring bricks from a few straws.

In making this comment I am not challenging Mr. Belloc's accuracy in handling the sources, for I do not profess the mediæval scholarship to do so. Moreover, I find Mr. Belloc's reconstruction of Crecy and Poitiers more convincing than others I have seen. As a well-reasoned hypothesis it seems to hold the field—and may have come as near the truth as any reconstruction of a 14th century battle can. But having experience of the difficulty of reconstructing more recent actions where abundant records, and ample cross-checks from eye witnesses, are available, I have come more and more to doubt the possibility of reproducing the true course of a battle save in its broadest outlines. The more one enters into detail, the more certainly one departs from truth. If this be so when dealing with a modern official history compiled with the utmost care close after the event, how much more so when we depend on mediæval chronicles? One might hope to write a fairly true account of such a battle in the space of one page; one can hardly hope to do so in sixty pages.

Nevertheless, I confess that I derive more pleasure from sixty pages—written by Mr. Belloc. He is one of the rare people who have the gift of making military operations lucid and simple. If he is sometimes apt to make them too simple, his very gift for simplifying has, on the whole, reacted unfairly on his own reputation, by obscuring from less clear-thinking students the fullness of his study. Some of his critics contrive to be far more misleading through muddle-headedness in amassing their facts.

Mr. Belloc's battle-studies—Blenheim, Malplaquet, Tourcoing and Waterloo complete the list—gain in value because they are preceded not only by an account of the preliminary strategic moves but also by an explanation of the political conditions—which give the battles meaning, purpose, and effect. Each study

is admirable in its lucidity and its methodical exposition. If some of the interpretations are open to question, and depend on a philosophy of war which could be made clearer, one wishes that more historians had Mr. Belloc's flair for seizing and bringing out the key points. As an example, in the preliminaries to Waterloo the reader is told that it is essential to remember one name at least—" the name of Erlon." Yet a recent biography of the man who commanded the British at Waterloo—a book which has been acclaimed as the most authoritative and complete work on the subject—covers Waterloo at fair length without a hint that a man called Erlon had any significant part in the issue!

B. H. LIDDELL HART.

NAPOLEON. By F. M. KIRCHEISEN. Translated by HENRY ST. LAWRENCE. (Gerald Howe. 30s.)

THE author of this large volume states in the preface to the English edition that it is the distilled essence of a larger work, of which he is nearing the completion of the ninth and final volume. He also states that as a preliminary to his task, begun in youth, he collected some 100,000 titles of works dealing with Napoleon.

By such a standard there is surely no one qualified to review the biography that Herr Kircheisen has compiled. Certainly not the present reviewer, who would have to cross off several o's in order to represent the limited extent of his own Napoleonic studies. It is thus with a profound sense of my own limitations that I undertake the task.

Nevertheless there are certain phases where, the sources having been within one's compass, some attempt at judging Herr Kircheisen's essence may be made.

Most of these phases, naturally, lie within the sphere of Napoleon's campaigns. And those, after all, were his chief form of self-expression. My own impression is that Herr Kircheisen has usually succeeded in sifting the evidence with remarkable judgment, and in tracing the outline accurately, while failing to distil the essence. This is especially so in the campaigns where Napoleon was still Bonaparte, where his art was not yet deformed by limitless pride and resources.

Having made this one criticism, let me hasten to add that this biography is, as a whole, the most convincing I have read, the most impressive in its manner of pursuing truth, and far more

interesting than most of those which are unconvincing—because of their obvious seeking after entertainment or adulation.

With all deference to the modern school of biography I at least find less pleasure—perhaps because of my underlying doubt—in one of their graphic word-pictures of a great man than in the quotation of a contemporary's impression of him. For I know that theirs is a composite picture, and I am always wondering how and of what it was composed. Herr Kircheisen, on the other hand, does not intrude himself, but provides a delightful series of impressions taken from those who met Napoleon at various stages of his career, and he fits them into his narrative just where they should go.

He is the more refreshing to read because he is a critical biographer, but he is critical less by direct judgments than by arraying the significant facts for the reader's judgment. He also pricks many legends most neatly. His survey is as balanced as it is broad, although one may feel that he tilts it a little against this country's influence. But it is a testimony to his insight that he concludes that "Spanish resistance and English activity in the Peninsula did more in reality to cause Napoleon's downfall than the disasters of the Russian campaign." The order of the agents, too, is a just one. As for the figure of Napoleon himself, if this biography divests him of his ceremonial dress, I prefer to be able to see him without it. B. H. LIDDELL HART.

STALIN. BY ISAAC LEVINE. (Cape. 12s. 6d. net).

THE strongest man the Russian revolution has turned up on either side is Joseph Stalin, the present controller of the Communist Party. The Tsardom has passed away but something of the spirit of Ivan the Terrible and the great Peter seems to have been evoked by the Kremlin walls. History has bred a Red Tsar out of the Revolution. For that reason it is not surprising that we are beginning to have published studies of the career and significance of this man. There is Mr. Levine's book; there is another coming from the pen of Essad Bey, and Mr. Walter Duranty, the correspondent of the *New York Times* in Moscow is preparing a very extensive biography.

Stalin is an extraordinary man, and the first curious thing about him, considering his position, is that he is not a Russian, but a representative of the Caucasian tribes, having a Georgian

father and an Ossetine mother. He comes from the village to the throne. He is not a bookman as Lenin was, nor a windbag like Trotsky, but a man whom nature and environment seemed to have intended for a bandit. He is a man of action. He showed unexpected talent as a soldier in quelling the Civil War. But when ordinary weapons were laid aside he showed that he could use invisible weapons. He showed himself a clever politician, a subtle intriguer. He sat like a card player in a café, who defeats all comers and takes all their money.

Then, having removed all political rivals, he appeared as a sort of economic Napoleon, with his Five-Year Plan, which was to raise Russia from the dust and make possible a conclusive war with the forces of the capitalistic West.

At the moment just too much has been written about the organization of the Five-Year Plan. We wait to see its fruits. We have seen a great deal of factory smoke. The publicity, which is really Communist propaganda, has been overdone. The West is not sceptical, but it feels it had better wait to see results.

Mr. Isaac Don Levine's book is a siren which screams "Stalin, Stalin, Stalin," for three hundred pages. It is all on one note of alarm and therefore a little confusing. It is a truism to say that if you learn to understand a danger you have gone a long way towards overcoming it. The difficulty in this book is a lack of perspective and of relief. There is a bias in favour of Trotsky. The facts about the Jewish leader are blurred, his poltroonery, his braggadocio, his sheer incapacity. There is an anxiety to spare Bronstein which perhaps reflects a desire to appease Russo-Jewish readers in America. In origin it is an American volume. If Trotsky's character and career had been summed up correctly this might have been an effective biography. In any case for one who can read between the lines it is an interesting book.

There is an anecdote in Levine's book, surely invented, of a man who bumped into another as he rushed along a Moscow street. Asked where he was going so fast he replied: "I am carrying out Stalin's orders. I am running to overtake the United States." I think he must have been an American correspondent. They are always running to overtake popular taste in their own country but they seldom catch up. Mr. Isaac Don Levine is an "also ran."

STEPHEN GRAHAM.

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SECKER

WHAT IS A MASTERPIECE?

I HAVE finished reading "The Brothers"* and "Magnolia Street"†: and have put down the Sunday papers with their bold advertisements of these two novels: and have read the serried ranks of reviewers who have called each in varying words "A masterpiece in manner and matter," or declared that "criticism falters before this stupendous undertaking," and have striven to reconcile the incongruity between my own reaction and such praise. But it is not possible. The greatest exercise of benevolence and the most determined altruism cannot prevent me feeling that both books will be forgotten in less than three years.

Three years, indeed, the cynic may say, is a long life for a modern novel: yet, somehow to my mind the word "masterpiece" suggests that the subject of the term should outlast my children and my children's children if they are fortunate enough to have any, and eventually should gain the dignity of being no longer news value it would be so well known. It is ridiculous, I know, to take *au pied de lettre* the exuberant faltering of criticism before these stupendous undertakings. My fellow-reviewers are competent and well-trained men who would have faltered long ago not from awe but from ennui if they were going to falter at all. Rather, I confess a considerable admiration for the tireless manner in which their hearts and pens leap up at the birth of a masterpiece a month.

Stated so baldly, such capacity for praise may sound comic to others. But to me it is only too comprehensible. For I also am a reviewer. Faced with a towering pile of books, each with its enthusiastic blurb, the sharp eyes of criticism are apt to become a little dulled. A mosquito settling on the eye-glass of a gentleman out shooting has before now been mistaken for a pheasant. Admittedly after lunch. In the same way, a merely competent work read one day and reviewed the next is sometimes mistaken for a *chef d'œuvre*. The reviewer has no time to achieve perspective. Allow him a year in which to let the first impression fade and then he will, if a man of integrity, mark surely the goats and the geese. He cannot do it in seven days.

There are, it is true, other factors to consider. Criticism cannot be exonerated from flatulence merely on the plea of

* "The Brothers" by L. A. G. Strong. (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.)
† "Magnolia Street" by Louis Golding. (Gollancz. 8s. 6d.)

temporal indigestion. Mental indolence is a powerful contributory cause. It is so much easier to praise than blame. In the present whirr of existence, what one dislikes one ignores, what one likes one praises, even though the next day one has forgotten it. There are so few novels published in the year which can bear the load of a balanced judgment, analysing here, assessing there, detailing the merits, pointing out the faults, and drawing a judicial conclusion from the whole. Contemporary novels in general are small beer. And, like beer, they are agreeable for the moment, satisfy a want and are quickly forgotten. They are forgotten because there is nothing, no more than the difference between Worthington or Bass, to distinguish them from what went before and what came after. It is through forgetting this that reviewers err. By them, every pint of beer is treated as though it were pre-phylloxera claret: and they go into raptures over each tankard of bitter, as though it were the ultimate bottle of Imperial Tokay.

Somewhere at the back of each reviewer's mind must be the picture of the young Keats falling to death beneath the barbed pens of the critics: and the swaying bodies of Jeffreys and Gifford dangling from the gallows on which posterity has hoisted them, must come to affright him in his dreams. Better therefore, he thinks, that every goose should be a swan than that one swan should be barbarously confined in the farmyard.

For that reason, therefore, and because he is loth to believe that this age does not harbour the great oxen of literature, he puffs and blows into the little bull-frogs in the contemporary pond so that they swell and swell, and hope mounts higher, until, alas, they burst into their third edition and then are heard no more.

Who now can remember anything save the name of more than three or four novels published last year? The tremendous figure of Brodie in "Hatter's Castle," the vivid family of the Broomes, the fiery red-haired Judith Paris remain in my mind now. I believe one out of these three will last, but I am not far enough away from them yet to dare a higher percentage or declare which. But I know that beside them "The Brothers" and "Magnolia Street" do not hold up too well. They both sacrifice truth to life to making a good *dénouement* which is pleasant enough for the moment but in retrospect appears like a canker which rots the rest.

R. McNair Scott.

BETSINDA DANCES AND OTHER POEMS. By JAN STRUTHER. (Oxford University Press. 2s. 6d.)

IT is one of those entertaining though time-wasting pursuits, like casting one's dogs for the characters in a Shakespeare play, or deciding that someone's parents are really, whatever they may think, a dragon-fly and a typewriter, to construct for oneself an orchestra of poets. Milton, of course, has the organ, with its myriad varieties of tone yet always the faint churchly flavour, and Keats I think the 'cello with its perfect melancholy richness, and Shelley the high almost unbearable ecstasy of the violin. In such an orchestra one would look for Miss Struther among the little group of flautists who sit on the right of the conductor, Mr. William Shakespeare, and are led, of course, by Mr. Herrick.

For her volume "Betsinda Dances and other Poems," has the charm and the lightness and the faint melancholy of a flute. Occasionally she attempts to infuse her verse with something harsher, with lust or bitterness. There is one rather Rupert Brooke-like sonnet with an original theme, entitled "Cobwebs."

But her most successful poems are almost songs. Some of them are a little jingly perhaps, but at their best they approach near that "inevitable" verse, which is written so seldom and which, once heard, runs in our heads when other and graver measures are forgotten. Such verse as :—

> "He came al so stille
> To his moder's bour,
> As dew in Aprille
> That falleth on the flour."

and "So we go no more a-roving," and "Say I'm weary, say I'm sad," and "When I was one-and-twenty."

Miss Struther in poems such as "Betsinda Dances" :—

> "And round she turns on clumsy, sweet,
> Unrhythmical, enraptured feet;
> And round and round again she goes
> On hopeful, small, precarious toes."

in "Aconite" :—

> "Earth has borne a little son,
> He is a very little one,
> He has a head of golden hair
> And a grave unwinking stare.
> He wears a bib all frilled and green
> Round his neck to keep him clean."

shows us a sense of rhythm and a cadence which delight us. She

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charms us perhaps even more when she changes into a minor key, as in "Epitaph":—

"Let not the blind remember beauty,
Nor deaf men think upon a tune:
There are things that are too lovely for remembrance—
Let us forget her soon."

or in "Evening":—

"Evening's the chink in the soul's armour,
And through it I can feel
The soft cold fingers of desolation
Silently, deftly steal.

Nought's left of joy now but its transience;
Of pride, but its loneliness.
Love's a dim ache, a dying music,
Beautiful, comfortless."

Verses such as these are enchanting and haunting. They lodge themselves in corners of the brain, they steal out at odd moments. They become a possession. BETTY ASKWITH.

BRYAN COOPER. By LENNOX ROBINSON. (Constable. 7s. 6d.)

THIS is one of the best short biographies that has appeared of recent years. Not only has Mr. Robinson given a life-like picture of his subject, but he has painted in the background with the brush of a master, and it is not too much to say that this volume will tell the general reader all he wants to know of Irish history during the past three hundred years. In short, it would be impossible to praise the book too highly.

Bryan Cooper was a member of that landowning class of which the death-warrant had been signed even before his birth; he was one of Sir Edward Carson's leading supporters in the years immediately before the war; and he served in the English army. In fact, a man more out of harmony with the new Ireland that came into existence with the signing of the Treaty it would appear to have been difficult to find; yet he sat in Dáil Eirann from the moment of its inception, and he died a loyal member of the party of which Mr. Cosgrave is the head. Had he not been cut off in the prime of life he would assuredly have held office in the Free State before long.

The explanation of these seeming contradictions lies in the fact that Bryan Cooper always knew where his duty lay, and did it, and he possessed an unerring sense of reality. He knew that

the new Dominion required the help of all her sons if she was to make good, and he set his shoulder to the wheel as an example to his own class, an example which has fortunately not been lost upon a great many of them. Ex-Unionist M.P. though he was, he set his face against any policy of non-co-operation with the new order, and he never despaired of his country.

In the Dáil, Bryan Cooper always insisted upon looking to the future and upon forgetting the past. The preservation of law and order was what the ordinary man wanted, and in a memorable speech he put his finger upon Ireland's real needs:—

> What is it that the average man wants? A man driving his cattle to the fair wants to know that there will be a fair, that a bridge has not been broken down so that he can get his cattle to the fair. He wants to know if he gets his cattle to the fair whether there is likely to be any interruption of the railway service, or whether there will be men at the fair to give him a price for his cattle. When he gets a price he wants to know that the dealer can go into the bank and get cash, and that the bank manager was not held up on the way and the cash taken.

In fine, Bryan Cooper initiated the breaking-down of the old religious and racial barriers which for so long blocked Ireland's progress, and in doing so he set an example for which he will always deserve to be remembered by his fellow-countrymen.

CHARLES PETRIE.

THE FLYFISHER AND THE TROUT'S POINT OF VIEW. By COLONEL E. W. HARDING. (Seeley Service. 21s.)

A MAN may divide fishing books into two classes—those that aim to amuse and those that aim to instruct. Colonel E. W. Harding, with his "The Flyfisher and the Trout's Point of View" (Seeley Service, 21s.), is undoubtedly of the dominies. His is a big book and, at the first glance, it looks as difficult as Mr. Todhunter's "Euclid." On the second it looks as stiff as some black-lettered old chap-book. And like the latter it is, inasmuch as the reader who will but persevere for a page or so will find himself in Tir nan Og. Colonel Harding's main object is, I think, to take anglers one step farther towards a scientific solution of the fascinating mystery of how a fly appears to a trout. Colonel Harding says that he owes his inspiration to "The Way of a Trout with a Fly." But all men, from Homer downwards, owe their inspirations, as we know, to other men. And, in placing

this Pelion atop of Mr. Skues' Ossa, Colonel Harding has accomplished a very original work.

It is divided into five parts. The first discusses the alumnus and his progress in those schools wherein may be learnt the mechanism of the cast, the manipulation of the fly-rod. And beyond this " first big fence," says Colonel Harding, " lies all the good in fly-fishing." Part two, and I think part two is the steel centre, the backbone, of our book, deals with the anatomy of " Through the Looking Glass," or the under-water world. It tells of light and its entry into water. It tells of the colour-sense of fishes and the geometry of the rise. It also invents, I *think*—mind you I only think—a new title for the curmudgeonly fish who refuses to be risen. I have never till now heard such a one named an Aunt Sally. Possibly because it is always being chucked at! Then, ashamed of such levity, Colonel Harding ends with a justification of theory. Part three, however, takes us to the water-side and lets us catch a fish or so; the author, the while, looking on leniently for, like Dr. Grimstone of Rodwell Regis, he is by no means a hard-hearted man. Part four discusses flies and the wardrobes of flies. And part five is a bibliography of the class-books of the Angle.

Now, if I have treated this most valuable volume with an unbecoming levity it is only because I could no more do justice to the real romance of it than I could cope in a few words with the " Encyclopædia Britannica." It is easy to say that no fishing bookshelf will be without it. This thing is said of all fishing books, for all fishing books are good and shelf-worthy. Nevertheless, once in a while the reviewer finds that in uttering his *cliché* he has been the true prophet. I utter it this time in high expectation of having found a winner. PATRICK R. CHALMERS.

THE POEMS OF T. STURGE MOORE. Collected Edition. First Volume. (Macmillan. 12s. 6d.)

COLLECTED POEMS OF LAURENCE BINYON. Two Volumes. (Macmillan. 10s. 6d. each volume.)

HARDY, Doughty and Bridges having gone their way, the generation of poets after theirs must in turn grow in our attention and distinction; and though in point of age neither Mr. Sturge Moore nor Mr. Binyon can, as yet, claim the full rank of venerable veterans, yet their poetry has a lengthy history already. Mr. Binyon's collection, for example, gathers in verses which won

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appreciation so far back as the year 1887—when Mr. W. B. Yeats was a very young poet, and even Wilde not a very old one; when Christina Rossetti or Matthew Arnold or Tennyson might write a letter of encouragement. Mr. Binyon and Mr. Sturge Moore (who came into prominence rather later) have alike been known and honoured by a "fit audience" throughout the twentieth century. The issue of their verse in a standard and comprehensive form will enlarge their audiences and shed a stronger light on their presence in this still remarkable English regiment of poets established and aspiring.

Mr. Sturge Moore as yet only gives us his first volume, arranging his pieces neither in chronological order nor assorted according to themes but so as to enhance each other's effect by neighbourly interaction; he does not claim to have succeeded in that, but his very delicate sense is a sufficient assurance that he has done well. The effect is often like that of wild birds answering one another across an orchard. The freshness of the singing and the spirit of his lyrics are not unlike that springtime pleasure. Probably no large collection of modern poetry is so clear an expression of happiness as this one—a delighted union of the passing scene with the lasting joy of art. Mr. Sturge Moore has sustained the glory of imagination, the value of the dream, through a time when many argue that poets must not escape from current problems and their din and smoke, and one easily accepts his wise intuition, and follows him—as he follows Puvis de Chavanne into that painted country where

> A patriarchal people dwell in peace
> And plenty, perfect without wealth's increase;
> Nursed in the lap of lowland hills, their homes
> Are gay with flowers; both morn and evening airs
> Are guests within their doors; and for their prayers
> Cows safely calve, bees build big honey-combs.

If his imagery yields profuse regeneration of mood, his verse music with its many novel yet natural turns is ever co-operative; the mind that hears him seems enabled to

> Sail for the islands of balm
> Luxuriant and warm.

Mr. Binyon's poetry, if I am right, includes more of "the ruined earth, the wounded ground," and more frequently reasons out the ideal of the beautiful and enduring which he also serves. There are poems of his which might be transferred without

disharmony to Mr. Moore's earthly paradise; but he responds to the tumult of man's conflicts in impassioned explorations. He has written of the painful aspects of peace, as, squalid poverty, deformity, the mean street, the sinister night; the war of 1914-18 drew from him numerous comments, questionings, elegies.

> What pen
> Dares to write half the deeds
> That men have done to men?

But his search and his faith are not the slaves of error and misery. In the stately "Odes" (among his recent writings) which conclude his first volume of "Lyrical Poems" are found his declarations of the meaning of this world's affairs, and human honour.

> O throbbing heart, O lifted arms, O tenderness,
> O only capable of grief supreme!
> O earth for ever mingled with unearthliness . . .
> Vision that dawns beyond knowledge shall deliver him
> From all that flattered, threatened, foiled, betrayed.
> Lo, having nothing, he is free of all the universe,
> And where light is, he enters unafraid.

The quotation only exhibits Mr. Binyon's reflection; the two volumes of his verse are rich in vignettes and panoramas of description, and the melodies of emotion and incident.

EDMUND BLUNDEN.